

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,029



AUGUST 17, 1889

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1889

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WASHING DAY—ALL HANDS CALLED IN TO HELP



ONE OF A LADY'S DUTIES—HAIR CUTTING EN FAMILLE
FAMILY RANCHE LIFE IN TEXAS, U.S.A.

Topics of the Week

ENGLISH POLICY IN EGYPT.—The other day Lord Carnarvon delivered in the House of Lords a highly academical oration on the relations between Egypt and England. The point of the speech seemed to be that Great Britain should boldly proclaim that she does not mean to quit the Delta, and should then proceed to govern the country as she governs India. Lord Salisbury very naturally reminded him that we are not now perfectly free agents in the matter. Had England formally taken possession of Egypt at the time when she alone intervened to put an end to an intolerable situation, probably that would have been best for herself, for the Egyptian people, and for Europe. But Mr. Gladstone again and again solemnly proclaimed that we should depart as soon as our task was fulfilled; and that means, as Lord Salisbury said, that we have now to consider not what is the most convenient, or the most profitable course, but the course "to which we are bound by our own obligations and by European law." After all, Lord Carnarvon need not fear that the British troops are soon to be withdrawn. If we are to remain in Egypt until the Khédive's Government is in a position to guarantee the maintenance of order, it is not tomorrow or the next day that will see our soldiers on their way home. France professes to be anxious to get us out of the country immediately; but she would be a little dismayed if we were to take her at her word. Certainly the French bondholders would be anything but pleased by the tidings that we proposed suddenly to abandon our task. The question of the withdrawal of England is not at present a question of practical politics. The really important problem is that which relates to the future of the Soudan. We have again driven off the Dervishes, but all who know the country warn us that if we continue as we have been doing, to let things drift, we shall soon be confronted by an exactly similar difficulty. The Mahdi numbers among his subjects plenty of fanatics, who will be only too glad, when he gives the signal, to make another effort to reach Cairo. The only alternative before us is to secure the friendship of those Arab tribes which are discontented with the Mahdi's rule, and to convince them, by occupying Berber and Dongola, that they may trust to our protection. Unfortunately, there is not the slightest evidence that the Government proposes to depart by a hair's breadth from the shilly-shally policy which has already led to so much anxiety and bloodshed.

TITHES.—The Tithes Rent-Charge Recovery Bill, in its original form—for it was completely altered by the Attorney-General's concession on Wednesday—was a small and apparently innocent measure, yet it crept at a snail's pace through the House of Commons. That it should be unpopular with the Radical party was not surprising, because its aim was to enforce the payment of tithes by a less sensational method than that which the law now directs. The calculation of the Government was that the recalcitrant farmers would be more impressed by a County Court judgment than by a distress levied on the tenant's goods and chattels, and that therefore the clergy, many of whom would be otherwise half-starved, would get their tithes this winter. Thus the Radicals based their opposition to the Bill on the presumption that it would render the collection of tithes comparatively easy, and that, therefore, the tithe question would cease to be, as for some years it has been, a burning question. But there were other people besides the Radicals who disliked this little Bill. There were the pleasure-loving M.P.'s (most of them of the Tory persuasion), who were indignant that the Government should suddenly spring this measure upon them in August, just when they hoped to get away for grouse-shooting or other analogous forms of recreation. More important still, there were the mass of the Conservative County members, who are largely dependent for their seats on farmers' votes, and who are well aware that the payment of tithes is felt as a grievous burden by agriculturists, not in Wales only, but in England also. This feeling was significantly shown by the division on Mr. Gray's "instruction," when the Government only got a majority of four. Mr. Gray, who is a Conservative member, proposed, as Lord Salisbury had proposed a year or two earlier, that tithe should be recoverable from the landlord only, and not from the occupier. After spending a couple of days considering the matter, the Government have accepted Mr. Gray's suggestion, the Bill is now practically a new Bill, and it may even take the wind out of the sails of the Welsh agitators. The lesson taught by this change of front is of a somewhat cynical character. Modern Ministers are not influenced by principles or affected by arguments, but they are keenly alive to the division-list.

THE MAYBRICK AGITATION.—Judged by ordinary standards the popular outcry on behalf of Mrs. Maybrick is almost unintelligible. It might be understood supposing that some important piece of fresh evidence had come to light since the trial. But no fresh evidence has come to light: the persons who are shrieking out that the prisoner

is not guilty base their belief (when it has any rational basis) on the very same evidence upon which the jury found her guilty. Nor can it be alleged that Mr. Justice Stephen's summation was unfair. On the contrary, it was so scrupulously fair as to be open to the charge rather of want of clearness. To say, of course, that in a charge of murder he ought not to have dwelt upon the motive of the crime is simply ridiculous. In the conduct of the case, then, no adequate cause can be found for the tremendous agitation which has been got up. Nothing, either, in the personality of the prisoner will account for it. She is not radiantly beautiful; while, apart from this charge, her private character is scarcely that which English men and women have been accustomed to admire. Some other reason, then, must be sought for the wave of feeling which is spreading over the country. Can it be that it has anything to do with the Irish question? Mr. Justice Stephen is not a *persona grata* with Irish Nationalists. He has written much against Home Rule, in his well-known trenchant style, and he recently tried the action in which Mr. O'Brien was worsted by Lord Salisbury. Sir Charles Russell, on the other hand, who was appearing for the defence, is a *persona gratissima* with the Irishmen, of whom the Liverpool mob is mainly composed. And with the Liverpool mob, it must be remembered, the agitation began. It was the Liverpool mob which showed its respect for law by attempting to attack the judge, and its humane desire to save a woman's life by endeavouring to take the lives of two or three other women who had been called as witnesses by the prosecution. Other people followed their lead, and the result was an agitation which is as violent as it is remarkable. Yet it is quite conceivable that, tried before a different judge, and in another town, there would have been no agitation at all.

KAISER FRANCIS JOSEPH.—There can be no doubt as to the cordiality of the welcome the Austrian Emperor received in Berlin. His visit excited enthusiasm not only among the classes which group themselves around the Court, but among the mass of the people. This was to a large extent due to the Emperor's personal character. He has now been more than forty years on the throne, and during the whole of that time he has fulfilled the duties of his great office in a spirit of strenuous earnestness. No one in his dominions works harder than he, and his labours have produced results of which any Sovereign might be proud. True, the conflicting claims of the various nationalities over which he rules still give occasion sometimes to more or less serious trouble, but his difficulties now are slight in comparison with those which perplexed him when he mounted the throne. Any one who had foretold, when Hungary was in revolt, that the time would come when the Magyars would be among the most loyal and devoted of his subjects, would have been thought an extremely rash and ill-informed prophet. Yet this is what has happened, and it has been brought about chiefly by the Emperor's courage, wisdom, and forbearance. His private sorrows have been as heavy as those of any of his people, but they have never in the faintest degree interfered with the faithful and disinterested exercise of his public functions. Even if the Germans had no special reason of their own for cultivating his good-will, it would be natural, then, that they should seek to do him honour; but, as a matter of fact, they do not wholly dissociate their admiration for his virtues from the thought of their own interest. Almost all Germans thoroughly realise that the maintenance of the Austro-German alliance is of the highest importance for their country; and they are always glad of any opportunity of helping to strengthen the understanding between the two Empires. That Kaiser Francis Joseph, looking at the matter from the Austrian point of view, is of the same mind, is indicated by the fact that he took with him to Berlin his nephew and heir presumptive, Archduke Francis Ferdinand. His object in doing this was unquestionably to impress the Archduke with a sense of the importance of intimate relations between the Courts of Vienna and Berlin. It is evident that his wish is to secure that the alliance shall, if possible, be made permanent.

THE MUZZLING ORDER.—The most unobservant person must have noticed that the recent muzzling ukase has been very imperfectly obeyed. When the last hydrophobia scare took place, and a similar order was made, the application of the muzzle was stringently enforced, and hundreds of unmuzzled pets were run in by the police, to the chagrin and inconvenience of their owners. But on the present occasion the edict has thus far been almost a dead letter; only a few highly respectable and law-abiding dogs appeared with this appendage fastened to their ingenuous countenances, while the majority—many of them rowdy and ill-conditioned curs—stalked abroad barefaced and unmolested. Most of us know how this slackness originated. It was not because great differences of opinion existed as to whether dogs ought to be muzzled or not; it was because the London County Council entertained peculiar views as to their own powers and privileges. All these heart-burnings have now been set forth in a correspondence which has been carried on between the Clerk of our municipal representatives and the Clerk of the Privy Council. The County Council apparently does not object to muzzling in the abstract, but it does resent strongly the refusal of the Government to give it the control

of the Metropolitan Police. It said in effect, No Police, no muzzles; and, therefore, as the Order of the Privy Council should have been legally carried out by the agency of the County Council, matters have remained at a dead lock. At last, as the Municipality has refused to act, the Privy Council has taken the bull by the horns, or, rather, the dog by the muzzle, and has empowered one Major Tennant to carry the Order into effect. We have ourselves supported the view that the London County Council should eventually, like other municipalities, control their own police-force. But this is not the way to gain their end. They have endeavoured to over-ride the law, and have acted like pettish children. After all their braggadocio, the ratepayers will have to pay the cost of enforcing the edict, and our chief regret is that the muzzles should only be applied to such generally harmless creatures as dogs. When we look around, and see what multitudes of mischievous, blatant donkeys there are about, we wish—but no matter.

POOR MR. HARRINGTON.—A gentle soul is Mr. Edward Harrington, M.P. He hates strong language, and would not be accused of using it for the world. So, when Mr. Balfour made an incidental reference to Mr. Harrington's use, in the *Kerry Sentinel*, of the elegant periphrasis, "uniformed bloodhounds," in connection with the members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, the editor of the *Sentinel* was moved to righteous indignation. He had never used the words in question, and he challenged the right hon. gentleman to give his authority for this cruel slander. He had not long to wait. Some one must have spent some exceedingly bad quarters of an hour wading through the pile of the *Sentinel* during the past few months, and then Mr. Wyndham sent to the papers a few of the flowers of speech thus culled from Mr. Harrington's *parlerre*. "Uniformed bloodhounds" was not among them, it is true; but "uniformed hellhounds" was. That, however, did not satisfy the outraged soul of Mr. Harrington. On the day when that phrase appeared in the *Sentinel*, he was, he declared, giving evidence before the Commission, and, therefore, was not responsible for the tone of his paper; but he omitted to say whether any one had been censured or dismissed for making use of it. Mr. Harrington has never, moreover, repudiated, or expressed any regret for, the many other abusive expressions which have been applied in the *Sentinel* to Mr. Balfour, the resident magistrates, and the police. His whole position, in fact, in regard to the question, is absurd. Irishmen used to be credited with a keen sense of the ridiculous; but, if Mr. Harrington is to be taken as a type, they have evidently lost it. For it is difficult to imagine anything much more laughable than the spectacle of an Irish editor, whose paper would cease to exist if it ceased to be violent, making bitter complaint because he has been credited with one more abusive epithet than is actually his due.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.—No Liberal Unionist statesman excites half so much antagonism among Mr. Gladstone's followers as Mr. Chamberlain. Lord Hartington and Sir Henry James are treated with uniform courtesy, but their colleague never delivers a speech without being made the object of bitter taunts. This is often explained by the pretence that Mr. Chamberlain has all along been playing a thoroughly selfish game. There is no real evidence, however, that he has been doing anything of the kind. At the time when he broke away from Mr. Gladstone he was generally recognised as distinctly, next to his chief, the ablest of the Liberal leaders; and he had a good right to anticipate that he would rise to the highest place in his party. In order to defeat Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, he deliberately ran the risk of losing the position he had won; and it would have been impossible for him to give a more striking proof of the sincerity of his convictions. The Gladstonians would be much nearer the truth if, instead of talking about Mr. Chamberlain's "treachery," they frankly admitted that they abused him because they were afraid of him. They continually proclaim that he is of no importance whatever; but, if that were so, what would be the use of so often insisting upon it? He is told that he is powerless; simply because it is known that he is powerful; and, perhaps, more than one of those who have been busily engaged in drumming him out of the Liberal army have an uneasy suspicion that he may some day return, and prove himself a formidable competitor. As long as the question of Home Rule is unsettled, he will, of course, be unable to associate with his former comrades; but that difficulty cannot always stand in the way. Some sort of compromise—partly through Mr. Chamberlain's influence—will be found; and then the various parties in the State will once more group themselves in accordance with their natural affinities. Mr. Chamberlain, as he showed in his speech on Saturday, has for the present no objection to act as the ally of the Conservatives; but when such questions as the Disestablishment come to the front, the necessities of the situation will compel him to rank himself with the most resolute of their opponents. Is it at all unlikely that he may, under the new conditions, become the recognised leader of the Radicals? Far stranger things have happened in English politics. The Radicals, we may be sure, would not scruple to follow him if they thought that he had a better chance than any one else of leading them to victory.

GENERAL BOULANGER.—The opening speech for the prosecution, in the trial of General Boulanger and his friends, has produced a considerable impression on public opinion in France. A more formidable series of charges has not for many a year been advanced against a prominent man either in that or in any other country. In the speech of the Procureur-Général of the Republic General Boulanger figured simply as a self-seeking and utterly unscrupulous conspirator. According to his accusers, there is hardly any conceivable act of meanness and treachery from which he has shrunk in the hope of raising himself to power. It would, of course, be grossly unjust to assume that he is guilty. We have not yet heard all that is to be said on the other side, and it may be that General Boulanger will be able to prove that he is the victim of outrageous slander. For his own sake it is urgently necessary that he should establish his innocence, for France, however tired she may be of her

NOTICE.—*With this Number is issued, as an EXTRA DOUBLE PAGE SUPPLEMENT, a Portrait of GENERAL VIS-COUNT WOLSELEY, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., by the late Frank Holl, R.A.*

FOR full particulars, see Time Book, Tourists' Programmes, and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.

(By Order) **A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.**

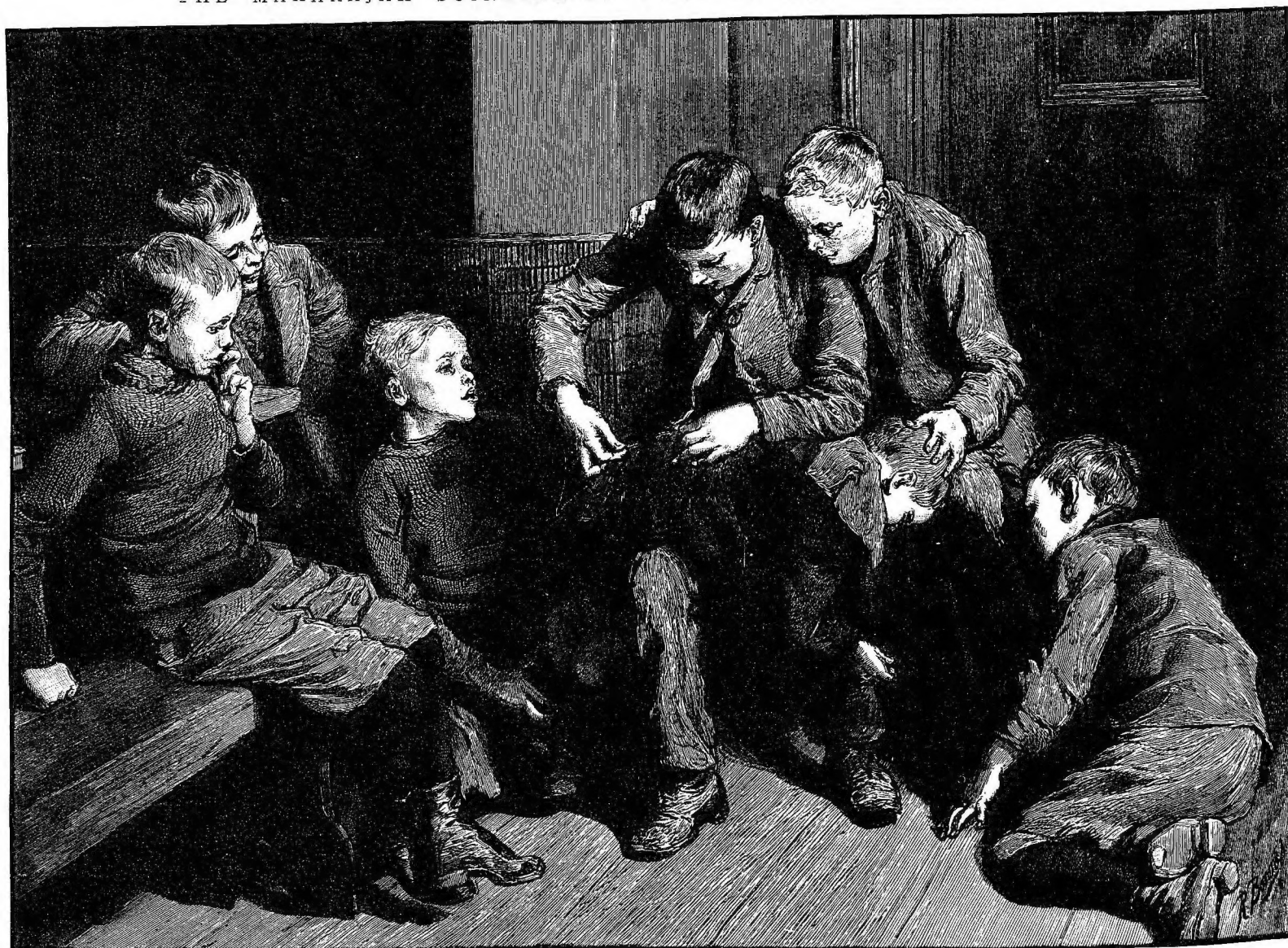


THE LATE RAJAH SIR GUNPUT RAO KHUDKAY, K.C.S.I.
President of the Council of Regency

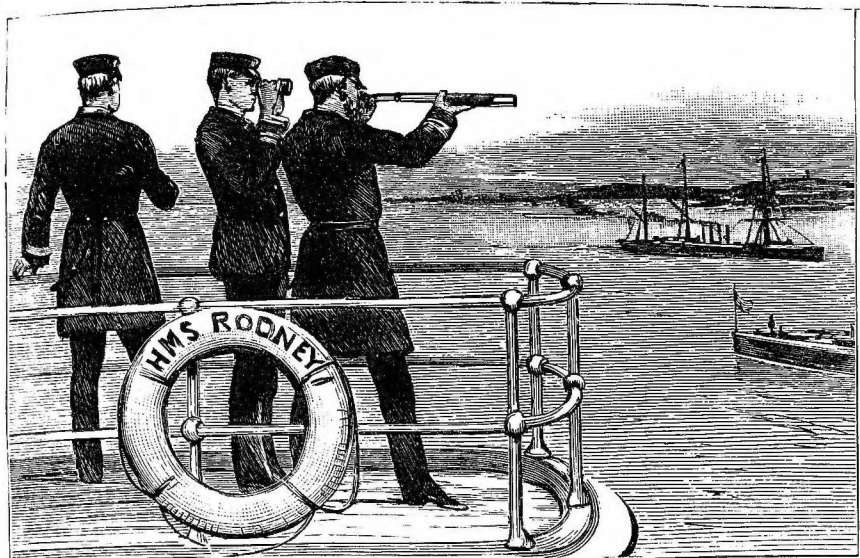
THE MAHARAJAH

GENERAL BAPU SAHIB AVAR
Commander-in-Chief of the Forces of the Gwalior State

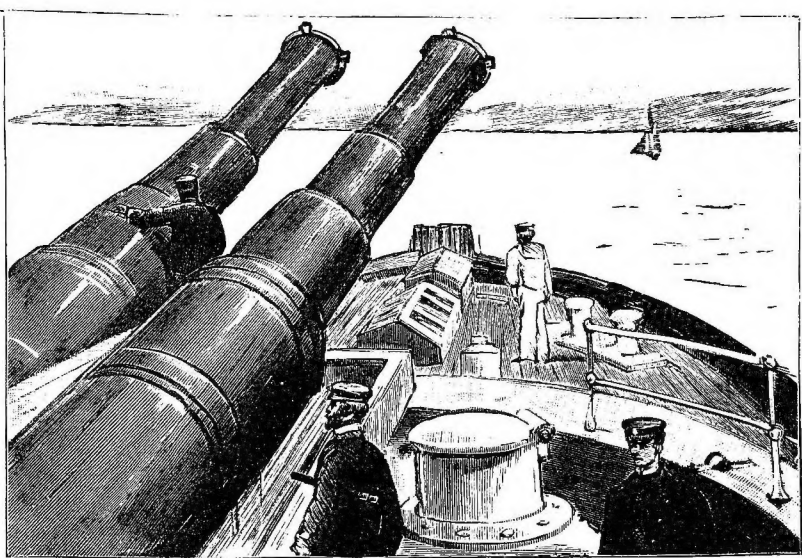
THE MAHARAJAH SCINDIAH OF GWALIOR AND HIS COUNCILLORS



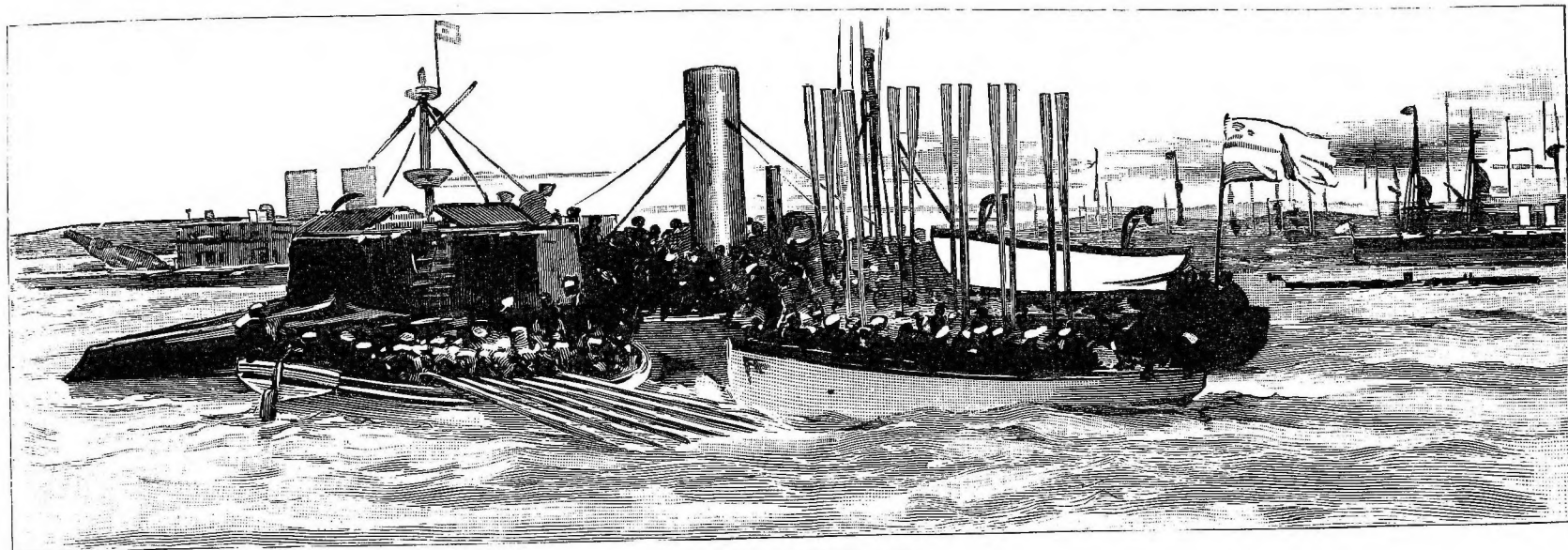
A SKETCH AT THE OFFICE OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN
THE BOY TAILOR MENDS HIS FELLOW PRISONER'S ONLY PAIR



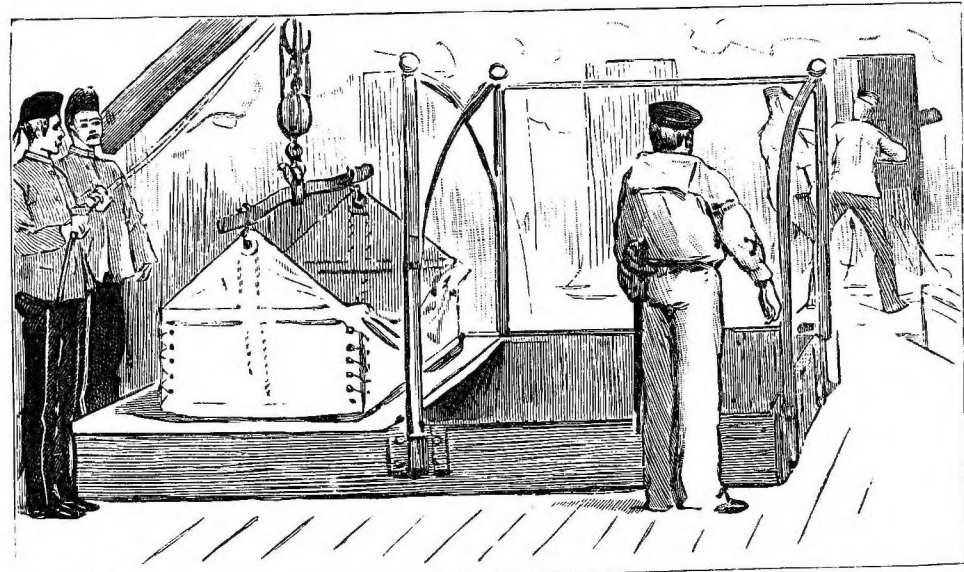
WATCHING NEW ARRIVALS



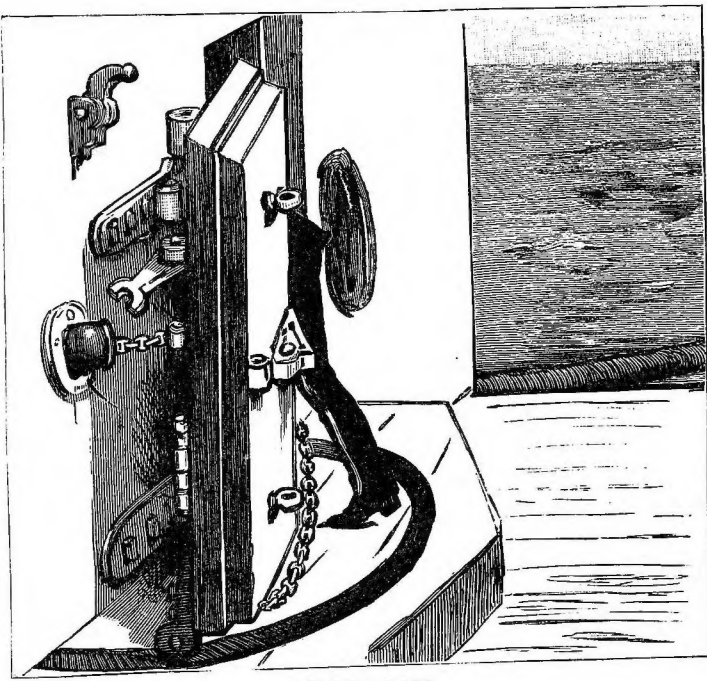
THE AFTER-BARBETTE—QUARTER-DECK CLEARED FOR ACTION



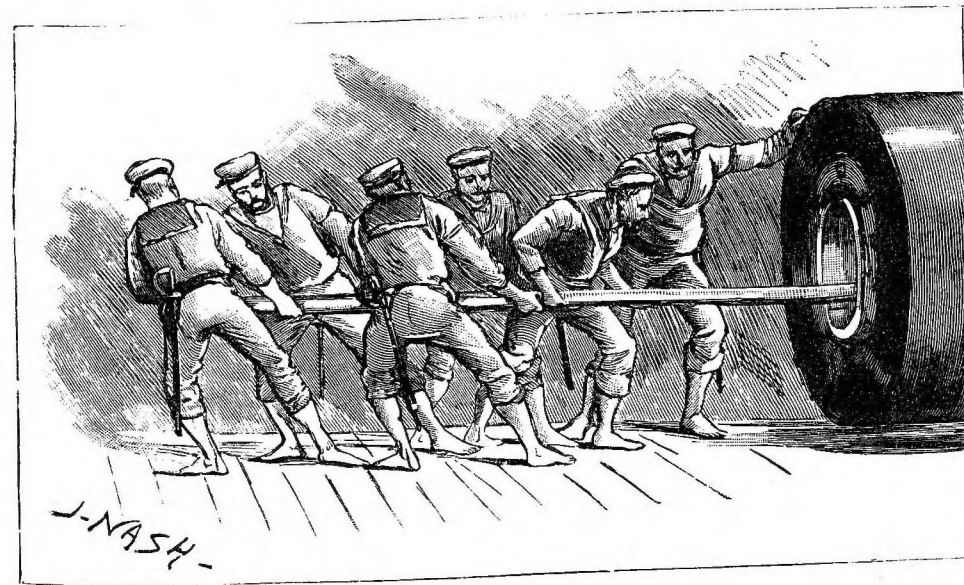
THE LIBERTY MEN'S BOAT



SPAR DECK IN ACTION—AMBULANCE COT

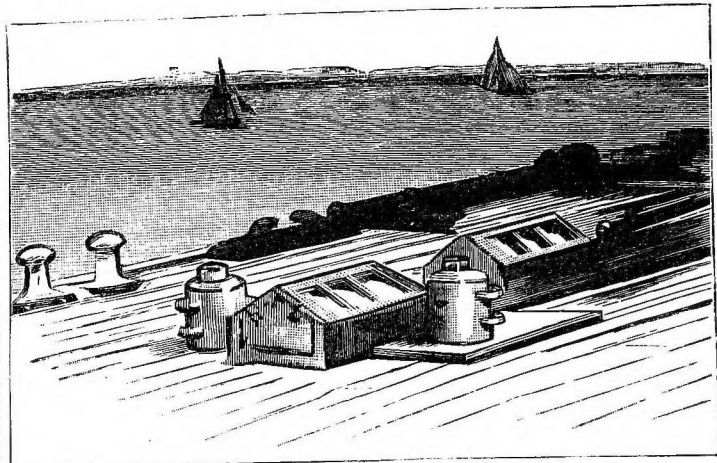


A STRONG DOOR



J. NASH.

SPONGING THE 69-TON GUN



QUARTER-DECK CLEARED FOR ACTION



FAMILY RANCHE LIFE IN TEXAS

A LADY thus sums up her experiences of eight months on a Texan rancho. The disadvantages are: separation from England and friends there; the absence of places of amusement and the luxuries of civilised life; the presence of mosquitos and of various other insects that bite. Work, however, takes the place of amusements, and the fewer luxuries are balanced by fewer cares. The part of the State here illustrated is quite settled; and, though the men wear much the same dress as Buffalo Bill, there are no Indians there now. Six years ago there were no English people; now there are a good many. The climate is excellent, and the air invigorating. The winter is short and mild, except on a few days when northerly winds blow. Though cooking, washing, mending, and house-cleaning may imply hardship, it is all more than compensated for by the working with friends and for friends. There is a pleasure—almost unknown at home—in the mutual helpfulness and simple life, lived practically in the open air, and in an almost perfect climate.—Our engravings show two phases of Texan family labour. They are from photographs sent by Miss H. E. Molesworth, Town House, Littleborough, near Manchester.

THE MAHARAJAH SCINDIA OF GWALIOR AND HIS COUNCILLORS

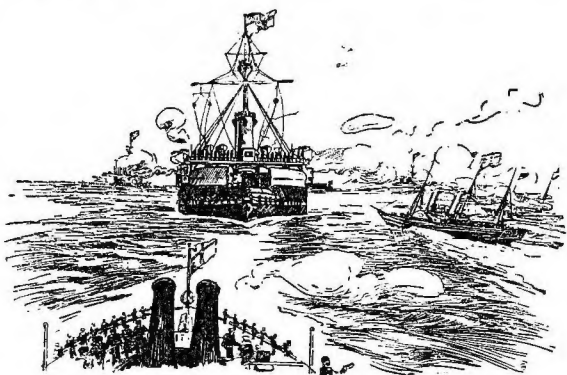
WHEN the late Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior died in June, 1886, he left a boy of six years old to succeed him—the Government being administered by a Council of Regency, under the presidency of the late Sir Gunpat Rao Kudkay (a brief biography of whom we published at the time of his death), under the supervision of Sir Lepel Griffin, the Governor-General's Agent for Central India, and of Colonel Bannerman, the Political Agent at Gwalior. One of our portraits represents the Maharajah, who is reckoned to be the most powerful and the wealthiest of all the Central Indian Princes. He rules a territory of some 29,000 square miles, with a population of over three millions, and possesses a yearly revenue of 1,200,000. His army numbers 20,000 well-equipped men. Another portrait represents General Bapu Sahib Arar of Gwalior, the Maharajah's Commander-in-Chief, who is a man of considerable eminence, and who last February was invested with the Order of a Knight Commander of the Indian Empire.—Our engravings are from photographs by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, Simla, Calcutta, and Bombay.

"MENDING HIS ONLY PAIR"

A FORTNIGHT ago we published a couple of engravings illustrative of the excellent work which is being done by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, whose offices are at 7, Harpur Street, Bloomsbury, W.C. We now give an engraving of a characteristic scene at the same institution, showing how a lad, who possesses some knowledge of tailoring, repairs the only pair of trousers owned by his poor little fellow-prisoner. We may once more take the opportunity of mentioning that it is this Society which is promoting the Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to and Protection of Children, and as it has advised its supporters in the House of Commons to accept the Lords' amendments rather than imperil the passage of the Bill altogether, we may hope see it converted into an Act before the Session closes. It should be borne in mind, that although the public has chiefly fixed its interest on the theatre clauses, these clauses only form a minor portion of the Bill, and affect only a small percentage of the children whose welfare the Bill generally is intended to serve.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES WITH THE "A" SQUADRON

LORD DUNDONALD has stated that Nelson used to say "Never mind manœuvres," and further insisted that the whole secret of naval warfare was contained in the words "Go at 'em." Even if Nelson did speak thus, he would probably modify his maxims in accordance with the altered conditions of the present day. Nelson's ships were very simple machines, and though differing in size and armament were all constructed practically on the same lines. In those days, too, the guns, steering apparatus, and motive power were all controlled by human agency, whereas now machinery is employed in all these departments. The danger, therefore, of a breakdown is far greater than it used to be, and manœuvres and tactics are absolutely necessary, both for the sake of teaching the officers what to do and how to do it, and also for the purpose of testing the various qualities of vessels of largely-diverse types. Battle-ships cannot be taken into action under steam, any more than they could be under sail, until they are capable of manœuvring together by signal, and, in order to effect this with any confidence in the result, each captain must be thoroughly at home in his vessel. The engravings here given are from sketches made on board the *Conqueror*, one of the vessels in the "A" Squadron. The



THE "A" DIVISION PASSING THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY OFF SANDOWN

Hercules led the Squadron out of Spithead, but presently came to grief from a cause which justifies the remarks made above. Some time since her forward crank pin works had been allowed to become overheated, and get out of shape. The damage was apparently set right, but as soon as on August 6th, the *Hercules* attempted ten knots, the brasses once more became heated, she was disabled, and had to creep into Portland Roads. Otherwise, the start of the "A" Squadron was all that could be wished, the space between the ships being kept with wonderful precision, even when a couple of yachts hove to, with topsails aback, under their very bows. Lord Brassey, however, who is a practical seaman, has explained that the

behaviour of the yachts in question, the *Sunbeam* and the *Czarina*, was, under the circumstances, unavoidable. As the Squadron came in line with the *Osborne*, the German Emperor was to be seen on the bridge in his English naval uniform. He raised his undress cap as the vessels hurried by, while the crews cheered and a salute leapt out from the guns. Just after this a sad mishap occurred. A poor fellow fell overboard from the *Narcissus* and sank like a stone. The boats pulled about to look for him, but without success.

STRAY NOTES ON BOARD AN IRONCLAD

H.M.S. *Rodney* (on board of which these sketches were taken by Mr. C. W. Cole, Fleet Paymaster) is one of the mastless battle-ships on which, as far as experience goes—and experience in such matters is very limited—the naval supremacy of this country mainly depends. These vessels have a low freeboard, and carry their guns either in turrets or barbettes. In the turret-ships the heavy guns are placed in armoured revolving cylinders, having their bases enclosed in massive citadels; while in the barbette ships the guns are mounted on turntables in fixed sloping towers. The latter system is adopted on board the *Rodney*, as it is in the other vessels of what is known, on account of their nomenclature after famous naval commanders, as the "Admiral" class. The *Rodney* accordingly carries her 67-ton guns in barbettes, fourteen inches thick, placed far apart on the middle line. This principle of mounting guns is adopted from the French, and is claimed to possess three advantages over the turret system. The guns are higher above the water, the turntables are more easily handled in stormy weather, and there is no waste of mechanical power, as the guns only are moved, and not the ponderous turrets. Several of our sketches show the vessel as she is when prepared for action. With reference to that of "The Liberty Men's Boat," we may observe that blue-jackets, who are in the higher classes for leave—and it is their own fault if they are not in those classes—have no reason to complain of confinement to the ships when in harbour; indeed, they get more leave than the officers. They are taken ashore each evening by a gunboat, returning to the neighbourhood of their ships, boats being sent for them, at eight the following morning.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A NEW serial story, by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 196.

THE ALDERSHOT REVIEW

WE islanders do not, like the Great Powers of the Continent, go in for big battalions, nevertheless the twenty-five thousand men who on Wednesday, August 7th, engaged in mimic warfare at Aldershot for the pleasure of the German Emperor, formed, merely as regards numbers, and without reference to quality, a very respectable force. The programme of the "Kriegspiel," or War-Game, which had been arranged was to the following effect. An Invading Army had landed on the South Coast near Worthing and Shoreham, and was advancing on London by three roads; while a Defending Army (commanded by Sir J. C. Drury Lowe) collected at Reading, was to push on an Army Corps to Wokingham and Bagshot, in order to repel the invaders. Both military men and civilians were warmly interested in this trial of strength and skill. The latter had a fine sight in watching the horse, foot, and artillery of the Defenders wending their way towards their rendezvous, while the Invaders were taking up a position in a hollow south of Normandy Fort. But when the two forces were about to join battle, the public were, for fear of accidents, confined to Play Hill, whence the view of the proceedings was somewhat vague, as the operations covered an area of ten miles, and were for the most part concealed behind hills or in valleys. However, at intervals bodies of troops, victorious or vanquished, would gallop into sight, their sabres and lances glittering in the sun; while the ground was obscured by the fleecy vapour produced by the discharge of thousands of muskets and field-pieces, whose roar and rattle was continuous. As Mr. Corbould's humorous illustrations show, few complexions escaped the blackening effect of the gunpowder. Want of space forbids our attempting any detailed account of the fight. It is enough to say that the balance of the contest was against the Defenders, who, after a furious resistance, were borne down towards their rendezvous. The batteries of both armies flashed and roared from opposite hills, and the glittering masses of cavalry and infantry came out of their concealment. Nothing could have been finer than the scene on Fox Hills when the signal was given at noon to cease fighting. The troops then had a brief interval of rest after their arduous labours, but were soon again on the alert, as considerable preparation was needed for the March Past. This was timed to take place at 1.30 P.M., by which time the Princess of Wales and her daughters, the German Emperor, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Albert Victor, Prince Henry of Prussia, and other distinguished personages were assembled. Then, for an hour and a half, was unfolded a panorama of martial strength and splendour, which drew from the Emperor repeated expressions of approval. At 3 P.M. the last colonel had saluted the Standard, and the brilliant spectacle was over.

One of our engravings represents a charge made by the First Royal Dragoons of the defending force against the attacking infantry. It took place at almost the close of the fight, and directly in front of Play Hill. The Dragoons retired discomfited. It was about the most effective incident seen from Play Hill.

Another engraving depicts the moment when the Emperor and the Staff arrived at the saluting point for the march past, Sir Evelyn Wood on his right, and the Duke of Cambridge on his left. Prince Albert Victor and Lord Wolseley were behind the Duke of Cambridge. Mr. Corbould sends the following notes in description of his page of sketches:—

"Play Hill may not be a very good place, from the soldier's point of view, from which to see the sham fight. From the ordinary observer's, however, nothing could have been better: a good height; a capital all-round view; Aldershot Camp lying behind us, far away down below; the Empress's Chapel and Sandhurst (?) to our left, a good bit of the sham fight in front and to our right; good air, a warm sun, and a warm breeze. There was great fun going on—ginger-beer, and nuts, and cakes. Suddenly we had to make way for a machine-gun, which forthwith opened fire on the enemy from amongst us. Our confectioner's pony didn't like the din, so he kicked his master's cakes to the winds and the small boys. Then, from Claymore Bridge, down the hill, across the valley, and up a hill quite near us, thundered the charge of the First Royal Dragoons. This was a grand sight, and quite saved our hill from taking a back seat as a good spot from which to see. Then the cry, 'It's all over,' and the mighty rush over the ropes, which a couple of soldiers tried to stop (but were overwhelmed) to the March Past. Looking back, the sight was most animated—the hill side covered with running people. Arrived at the March Past ground, we amused ourselves by watching the Flag Staff, which would keep bending over like a whip. They took it down and spliced it with string and stuck it up again, but it wouldn't stay upright, and eventually it was taken away altogether. At last 'The Royals' arrived—the Emperor of Germany, on a lovely chestnut charger, and other celebrities, including the Princess of Wales in a carriage and four.

"The Volunteers as they marched past were much in favour. The dust was fearful. Our faces were like sweeps' faces. When we were

tired of looking at the dust-enveloped troops, we turned and admired the English girls in their cool riding dress—dark skirt, cotton shirt (white, pink, &c.), (collar and tie to match) either caught in at the waist with a belt, or worn as a jacket; some as a Garibaldi, coming out again from under the belt on to the hips—some very nice-looking girls, and capital horsewomen. All in straw hats. The men were, too, all very nicely dressed. The Review is over now, and a rush is made to get back; flymen 'sticking it on' as to fares and distance. Such a stampede, but great fun."

We have received some really excellent photographs of various incidents of the Review from J. T. Cumming, 134, Victoria Road, Aldershot. Of these we may especially mention some capital groups of the Emperor of Germany, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Albert Victor, Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Christian, and other distinguished personages who were present.

THE YOUNG POLAR BEAR

AND

THE MAYBRICK TRIAL

See page 208.

MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P.

THIS gentleman, who was returned in the Conservative interest without opposition for the seat at Dover rendered vacant by the death of Major Dickson, is the eldest son of the Hon. Percy Scawen Wyndham, formerly M.P. for West Cumberland, by his marriage with Madeline Caroline Frances Eden, daughter of the late Major-General Sir Grey Campbell. Mr. Wyndham is a grandson of George, first Lord Leonfield. He was born in August, 1863; he has held a Lieutenant's commission in the Coldstream Guards, and served in the Suakin Expedition of 1885. For the last two years he has acted as Private Secretary to Mr. Balfour, and he married, in 1887, Lady Sibell Mary Lumley, youngest sister of Lord Scarborough, and widow of Earl Grosvenor.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

DEPUTY SURGEON-GENERAL DAY

EXCEPTING the venerable Dr. H. J. Carter, who survives him, Dr. Francis Day, F.R.S., was the greatest of Indian naturalists of the passing generation. He was appointed to the Madras Establishment in 1852, and after taking part in the military operations then in progress in Burma, for which he received the medal, he thenceforward devoted himself exclusively to the study of the fishes of India. As Inspector-General of Fisheries in India, he examined the rivers and seas of that country from the coasts of Mekran on the west to the Straits of Malacca on the east, and embodied the results of his discoveries in numerous Government reports, papers to scientific journals, and published books. After his retirement in 1877, he devoted himself to the fishes of the United Kingdom, and published a large work on the subject. His type collection of Indian fishes is in the Imperial Museum of Calcutta, and he also contributed collections to the museums of other countries. In recognition of his valuable labours, he was, in 1885, made a C.I.E. Dr. Day died on July 10th, at his residence, Kenilworth House, Cheltenham.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly, W.

SIR WILLIAM ROBINSON, K.C.M.G.

THE present Governor of Trinidad was educated at the Grammar School of Bury St. Edmund's, and entered the Colonial Office in 1854, at the age of seventeen. While there, he was successively Private Secretary to Mr. Herman Merivale, Lord Blachford, and Mr. Cardwell. In 1869, he represented the Colonial Office on the East African Slave Trade Commission, and, in 1873, was Special Commissioner for the Crown Colonies at Vienna. The year after he was appointed Governor of the Bahamas Islands, the only instance of a Governor being appointed direct from the office in Downing Street. For six years he pleased the Bahamians with his *bonhomie* and good government, raising the revenue to upwards of 40,000l. per annum, and setting on foot various valuable minor industries. In 1880 he was transferred to Barbados, where he not only guided the destinies of the colony with wisdom, but simplified the machinery of Government, largely extended the franchise, and—a great boon to the islanders—procured for Barbados a separate and independent existence, by obtaining its severance from the rest of the Windward group. Sir William's next move was to Trinidad, where he has been nearly four years, and whose magnificent resources he has done much to develop. He has done much to foster the cultivation of subsidiary products, as distinguished from the two great staples, sugar and cocoa. His white helmet is to be seen in the most out-of-the-way parts of his dominions, and a much-needed post-office, a bridge, or a new road is often the result of these gubernatorial visits. He has also done much to stimulate the fruit trade by improving the steam communication between Trinidad and New York.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly.

CALLING OUT THE RESERVE—A NAVAL OFFICER'S EXPERIENCES

THE recent visit of the youthful and war-loving German Emperor was not altogether agreeable to our friend Mildew, R.N. Mildew had lately married, had shaved his chin, and had hoped to be settled in peace and quietness for a few years. Then, suddenly and ruthlessly, he was called out. Owing to his aristocratic demeanour, less, he was called out. Owing to his aristocratic demeanour, the Mildew is nicknamed "the Dook" throughout Doveshire, and the rumour rapidly spread that he had been "dug out," as the saying goes, "mobilised to make a Kaiser's holiday." His mingled triumphs and dilemmas are shown in Mr. C. W. Cole's sketches, the sub-titles of which preclude the necessity of further explanation.

PULLA FISHING ON THE INDUS

LOOKING out of the window of the hot railway-carriage when passing by a bend of the great old muddy Indus, one is struck with what at first sight appears a very peculiar phenomenon—a number of long poles or sticks floating rapidly down stream, carried along by the rapid and dangerous current. These, on closer inspection, by the explanation of an older Anglo-Indian fellow passenger, prove to be the pulla fishers at work. This kind of sport requires not a little practice, and great are the upsets of a novice, who usually begins with a large gourd tied to his body. The regular fisher, however, has a large earthen chatty, with a round hole about six inches in diameter at the top; this is the part of the chatty his body rests on, and he steers himself with feet and hands. The implement he uses is a long pole with a fork at one end, on which rests a pointed net, at the end of which is a cord. When he feels a fish in his net, up goes his cord and he bags his fish, produces from his chatty a sharp iron rod, with which he kills his fish, and then places his spoil in the chatty, lowers his net, and starts again. The pulla are carried away by men on shore in rough nets on bullocks, or donkeys, and so jogged off to the bazaar, or the "mem sahib," for sale.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. A. W. Crawford McFall, Lieutenant, Yorkshire Light Infantry, Hyderabad, Scinde.

NOTE.—The illustrations and letterpress in the article on Parliamentary Committees published in our issue of July 20 were by Mr. Harry Furniss, whose name was inadvertently omitted in connection with them.



POLITICAL.—At a "reception" given by Mr. Chamberlain to a number of his constituents, among his guests being not only the members of the Liberal Unionist Committee of West Birmingham, but the leading Conservatives of the Division, he spoke cheerfully and hopelessly of the political situation. He drew a contrast between the growing disorganisation and demoralisation of the Gladstonian-Parnellite party and the smoothness and success with which the Unionist alliance has continuously worked. The game of disorder and illegality in Ireland was "up," and that country was now almost as peaceable as any part of England or of Scotland. The funds of the Parnellites were falling short. The Cronin murder had opened the subscriptions from the United States, the Nationalist leaders had been sending the hat round in Australia, where, however, a deaf ear was turned to the blandishments of Mr. Dillon. Mr. Chamberlain ridiculed what he called the "fancy programme" of Lord Randolph Churchill, borrowed from the policy of all the extreme men of all the different sections. He dwelt at some length on the claims of the Birmingham Conservatives to more Parliamentary and municipal representation, recommending a joint investigation into the comparative strength in the borough of the two sections of the Unionist Party, and if amicable discussion failed in producing an agreement he suggested that the matter should be referred to the arbitration of Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington. He concluded with a reference to the progressive legislation which, Radical though he always was, he had hardly dared to hope for during the next generation.—Lord Camperdown, presiding at a meeting of the Unionists of the Accrington Division, replied to the cavil that Local Government for Ireland was delayed, by pointing out the uselessness of that boon to Ireland when the Irish members declared that they would use it in such a manner as to demonstrate the impossibility of the government of Ireland by England.—The Duke of Fife is to preside at a Unionist demonstration in Aberdeen on October 2, when the Marquis of Hartington, who is to attend it, will be his guest at Mar Lodge.—Lord Knutsford, Secretary of State for the Colonies, referring at a Primrose League gathering in Sussex to the much-denounced West Australia Bill, said with regard to the charge that he was handing over a large amount of land to the colonists it should be remembered that at least 80 per cent. of that land was unfitted for agriculture, and never could be fitted for it.—Sir Edward J. Harland (C), head of the ship-building firm of Harland and Wolff, and Mayor of Belfast in 1884 and 1885, has been returned unopposed for the Northern Division of that town.

ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS from all parts of the kingdom began their annual work at Shoeburyness on Monday with the 64-pounder Palliser Gun Competition, when the prizes of the Lords and Commons, nine silver cups, fell to the Sixth Detachment of the Fourth Durham, Lord Lonsborough's prize to the Third Detachment of the same Brigade, the prize given by the Second Middlesex Artillery Brigade being won by the Second Detachment of the First Edinburgh City, and the National Artillery Association's prize by the Second Northumberland's First Detachment. The four prizes in the competition with the breech-loading 40-pounder Armstrong gun, the first of which was founded by the late Colonel Brooshoft, the second being given by the National Artillery Association, the third by the Duke of Cambridge, and the fourth by the Association again, have fallen respectively to the Fourth Detachment of the Fourth Durham (West Hartlepool), the Fifth Detachment of the Second Durham (Seaham Harbour), the Ninth Detachment of the Second Durham, and the First City of Edinburgh.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, it will be remembered, refused to enforce the order of the Privy Council for the muzzling of dogs, on the plea that the police by whom the order was to be carried out were not under the Council's control. The County Council were informed last week that if on or before Monday in this week they did not express their willingness to enforce the order, the Privy Council would, under the Act of 1878, proceed to appoint some person to enforce its provisions. To a communication to this effect a reply was made on the part of the London County Council, simply referring the Privy Council to the previous decision of the County Council on the matter. Accordingly the *London Gazette* of Tuesday publishes an intimation that the Privy Council have empowered Major J. T. Tennant, their chief travelling inspector, to enforce the rabies order in the area under the jurisdiction of the London County Council. Owners of dogs must now take care to muzzle them.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION has been holding this week its fifty-seventh annual meeting at Leeds, under the presidency of Mr. Wheelhouse, consulting surgeon to the Leeds General Infirmary. In the course of an interesting address on the modern progress and achievements of medical science he referred to the reproach brought against medical men, that their contact with pain tends to numb their sympathy and to diminish their pity for the sufferings of mankind. In reply he challenged any other profession to produce a parallel to the modern development of "public medicine," a science which sought ever, even at the risk of its own extinction, to exterminate the causes of disease and death.

THE CASE AND CLAIMS OF MISS CREAGH have been already referred to in this column. Some ruffians behind a hedge shot her in the head so severely when she was being driven last March to church by her brother, their intended victim, that her career as an artist has been closed, and she has been put to great expense by special medical treatment undergone, unfortunately, without any benefit to her. A second appeal to the benevolent is being made on her behalf. Colonel Turner, Ennis, Ireland, will receive and acknowledge subscriptions.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Duke of Westminster permitted last Sunday an inspection of the pictures and other works of art at Grosvenor House, which was visited for the purpose by no fewer than 1,200 persons. A second inspection of the same kind will be allowed to-morrow (Sunday). Tickets may be obtained by forwarding a stamped directed envelope to Mr. H. Mills, 8, Theobalds Road, W.C.—The Bethnal Green Free Library, which was started a dozen years ago with 500 volumes now contains 20,000, exclusive of an immense number of periodicals. Last year, through its reading-room, lectures, classes, and concerts, some 50,000 persons were benefited.—Of fifty-eight dogs killed in the streets of London last month, twenty were found to be suffering from rabies.—The death, in St. George's Hospital, is reported of a leper, formerly a soldier in the Madras Presidency, where he is supposed to have contracted the disease.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Charlotte, Lady Forster; in her seventieth year, of the Hon. Mrs. E. P. Bouverie; in his ninetieth year, of Sir Henry Meredith, Bart.; in his eighty-third year, of Admiral James P. Bower; in his sixtieth year, of Sir James Marshall, Chief Justice of the African territories of the Royal Niger Company; in his sixty-ninth year, of Mr. John Denington Fletcher, since 1877 Chairman of the Second Court of the Middlesex Sessions; in his eighty-first year, of Mr. James Whigham, Judge of County Courts; of Sir James Robertson, Professor of Conveyancing in the University of Glasgow; in his sixty-first

year, of Mr. William R. S. Ralston, from 1853 to 1873 an assistant in the Library of the British Museum, who as author, translator, lecturer, and contributor to leading periodicals had done much to diffuse among us a knowledge of Russian literature, history, and folk-lore; in his sixtieth year, of Mr. George Phillips Bevan, editor of the useful series of works on "British Manufacturing Industries," and author of a number of popular handbooks and guide-books; and in his sixty-third year, of Mr. Gaston Murray, an actor who has enjoyed considerable popularity.



MOST of the male performers in the revival of *Proof* at the PRINCESS's wear their moustaches, which looks odd in association with the costumes of the period of Louis XV. This is, perhaps, not because they love their art less, but that they love their moustaches more. The little incongruity, however, does not seem much to interfere with the audience's enjoyment of this stirring, elaborate, and pathetic drama. Mr. Burnand's adaptation is, on this occasion, rather roughly put upon the stage, but the play is acted with force and spirit by Miss Grace Hawthorne as the persecuted Valentin, Mr. Barnes as the innocent galley slave, Mr. W. H. Vernon as the sham count, and Miss Illington as Adrienne, who is supposed to be the little child of the prologue grown up to womanhood. Other parts are cleverly played by Mr. John Beauchamp and Miss Carlotta Leclercq.

Mr. Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore took their farewell of London audiences at the CRITERION last week in O'Keefe's farcical comedy of *Wild Oats*, revived for that occasion only. Mr. Wyndham, as everybody knew, although his hearers appeared perfectly willing to hear it again, counts on returning to his London quarters, after his American tour, in April next. Meanwhile, the doors of the Criterion are again open with that diverting piece *Deisy*, in which Mr. Maltby, Mr. Blakeley, Miss Lottie Venne, Mr. Aubrey Boucicault, Mr. Herbert Standing, Mr. George Giddens, and Miss Fanny Robertson sustain the high tide of fun with great vivacity and sense of humour.

It seems almost incredible that dramatists of respectable position should be found to dramatise the horrors of the Whitechapel murders. *Jack l'Eventreur* is nevertheless announced as in preparation at the Château d'Eau Theatre in Paris, and plays founded on the same revolting theme are actually performing in New York and Amsterdam. In the New York, or rather Brooklyn piece, "Jack the Ripper" dies on the scaffold after addressing the hangman in the mysterious words—"My birth was a misfortune; my marriage a curse; but I have kept my oath."

It appears that the great scene in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, with which the SHAFESBURY will re-open, will be a representation of the furnaces at a Staffordshire porcelain works in full operation. The story is one of domestic interest, ending with the marriage of a poor inventor's son with the daughter of the employer who has grown rich by acquiring for trifling sums the inventor's ingenious notions. Hence the title, *The Middleman*. This latter part will be played by that admirable actor, Mr. Mackintosh. Mr. Willard will enact the simple-minded inventor, and prominent parts will be assigned to Miss Maud Millett and Miss Annie Hughes.

Mr. Edouin and company, with *Our Flat*, will remove from the OPÉRA COMIQUE to the STRAND on the 19th inst.

Miss Lily Hanbury, who has been engaged to play a part in Mr. Buchanan's version of *Roger la Honte* at the HAYMARKET, is said to be a cousin of Miss Julia Neilson, who will also appear in the same piece. The important part of the child of Roger will be entrusted to little Miss Minnie Terry.

Miss Marie Linden has succeeded to the part of Lily in *In Danger*, at the VAUDEVILLE, in place of Miss Agnes Miller, who has sailed for the United States. The play is reported to be steadily advancing in public favour.

Mrs. Kendal's forthcoming series of papers, partly autobiographical, will commence in the September number of *Murray's Magazine*, under the title of *Dramatic Opinions*.

Mr. Felix Pyat, whose death in Paris at an advanced age was lately announced, was chiefly known as a politician of rather advanced views. Other days, however, knew him as a successful dramatist. An adaptation of a melodrama of his was playing many years ago, under the title of *The Ragpicker of Paris*, simultaneously at several London theatres.



ON Monday, August 12, whilst the moors in Perthshire, Kincardineshire, and Inverness-shire were merrily resounding to the crack of the gun, a considerable remnant of members of the House of Commons assembled at Westminster to discuss the Tithes Bill. This was numbered among the measures brought in early in the Session; but so it was last year, and nothing particular came of it. When at midsummer Mr. Smith, in a loudly commended, but, as it turns out, utterly misleading statement, cleared the Order Book of all contentious Bills, he did not definitely exclude the Tithes Bill. But his manner of referring to it led the House to the conclusion—at which it is probable he himself had then arrived—that it would be useless to make serious attempt to pass it in the present Session. So matters drifted on till August was close at hand, when ominous references began to be made to the Tithes Bill, and last week notice was given of the fixed intention to intermit Committee of Supply and seriously proceed with this measure.

When the House met on Monday, the proceedings were invested with special interest by reason of the fact that no one could say how the Government would fare. Their normal majority still stands at or about ninety, and that seemed sufficient to carry any measure, even approached on August 12. But there were ominous rumours current of apathy in the Conservative camp and revolt among their allies on the benches opposite—rumours which in the event were fully confirmed. Considering the epoch reached, the House was well filled, and divisions presently taken showed that there were very few short of 300 members in attendance. But there were many conspicuous absentees, notable among them being Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill, who, the one sitting at the end of the Front Bench and the other in the corner seat immediately behind Ministers, conveniently face each other. Lord Hartington was in his place, and loyally voted with the Government throughout the sitting, though, like Mr. Gladstone on the Royal Grants Bill, he found himself deserted by the great majority of his following. By Tuesday the noble lord had had enough of this, and did not put in an appearance.

Whilst the benches were moderately full the paper bristled with amendments. The Bill had been read a second time, and the motion before the House on Monday was that it should go into Committee. This proposal was met by a cluster of amendments, not all moved from the Liberal side, suggesting Instructions to the Committee. In Parliamentary procedure a Committee of the whole

House, though differing from the House itself only in respect of the facts that the Chair is empty and the Mace is off the table, is strictly subordinate to the fully-constituted branch of the Legislature. When three hundred gentlemen have carefully gone through a Bill clause by clause and line by line, the Speaker returns to the Chair, and the Chairman of Committees reports the amendments that may have been made. Thereupon the same three hundred gentlemen, with the addition of the Speaker in the Chair and the Mace on the table, may reconsider these amendments, and, if they are in the humour, reject or alter them. The same power is exercised before going into Committee. Three hundred gentlemen (more or less) sitting in the House of Commons, with the Speaker in the Chair and the Mace on the table, may "instruct" themselves to take a particular course when they go into Committee, and, being in Committee, they have no option but to follow the self-imposed instruction. Whence it would appear that the proceedings, though akin in other respects, are much more serious than was Mr. Toots's habit, whilst still a student, of addressing letters to "P. Toots, Esq., Brighton, Sussex."

The first instruction on the list was moved by Mr. Herbert Gardner, and empowered the Committee to make provision for a gradual redemption of tithes on an equitable basis. This, it will be seen, went to the whole root of the matter. The Bill as introduced by the Ministry simply provided that tithe-owners might recover their tithe-charge by the process of the County Court. Mr. Herbert Gardner proposed that, over and above this matter of detail, the great tithe question should be proceeded with *au fond*. The first proof of dissatisfaction on the Conservative side was presented when Mr. Staveley Hill rose, and announced his intention of supporting the amendment. Another phase of Conservative discontent was supplied by the action of Sir Walter Barttelot, one of the oldest and most respected representatives of the country party. Sir Walter confessed that he was "gravely disappointed" with the Bill, and did not deny that he would welcome the adoption of Mr. Herbert Gardner's amendment. Still, he would not desert the Government, and in the forthcoming division would follow his leaders.

That was all very well, as far as Sir Walter Barttelot was concerned; but who could say if other Conservatives, equally convinced of the undesirability and insufficiency of the Bill, would draw the line at so convenient a point? Anxiety on the Treasury Bench was ill concealed: perhaps it would be more correct to say that the anxiety was confined to the immediate neighbourhood where Mr. Smith sat, with the Home Secretary on his right hand and the Attorney-General on his left. It was whispered that Ministers in the House of Commons ill disguised their sympathy with the general feeling in the Conservative ranks, that to press, at this period of the Session, a generally unpopular Bill was decidedly impolitic, and that if, by any chance, the Government were relieved of further responsibility by a hostile majority, it would not be a matter for unmixed regret.

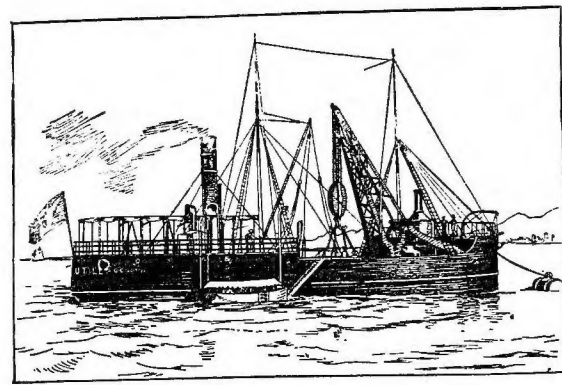
The Speaker had at the outset laid down a wholesome rule, which modified the whole course of the debate, and by concentrating its direction vastly improved its quality. He pointed out that the second reading had already been debated and divided upon. The question before the House was whether it would or would not adopt the instruction that had been moved, and to that point he peremptorily begged hon. members to bend their energies. The result was seen in admirable debate, sharp, quick, and to the point, with a division taken within the space of two hours. In ordinary cases, where Ministers and Opposition are face to face on an important issue, the course of the division can be very fairly estimated. But no one could say how opinion would finally tend at this particular juncture, what with hesitating Conservatives and emancipated Dissident Liberals; it only required a vigorous effort on the part of the regular Opposition to carry the instruction, and so lead to the withdrawal of the Bill. As the crowd slowly streamed in from either lobby the excitement increased, culminating in the arrival of the tellers. When the paper was handed to Mr. Akers Douglas it was known that at least the Government had not been beaten, and it was significant that the tension of the moment was not broken by an exultant shout from the Ministerialists. Not a cheer was raised till the figures being announced, it was found that Mr. Herbert Gardner's motion had been negatived by 138 votes against 120. Here was the Government majority reduced to 18, a result hailed with boisterous cheers from the Opposition.

But there was worse to follow. The next instruction was moved by a Conservative member, Mr. Gray, tenant farmer, who represents Maldon. He moved an instruction which, if adopted, would have made the tithe charge recoverable from the landlord only. A division taking place on this the Government majority, in a moderately full House, was reduced to four. After this there was question whether the Bill would be proceeded with. But if there was any hesitation in the inner circles of the Ministry it was overcome.

By a remarkable change of front, however, one day was unexpectedly secured for Supply. Being in Committee on Wednesday, the Attorney-General suddenly announced that the Government had decided to amend the Bill, in the direction of making the owner, not the occupier, liable for tithes. This, it was agreed, was very much like a new Bill, and, accordingly, the debate stood over till Friday.

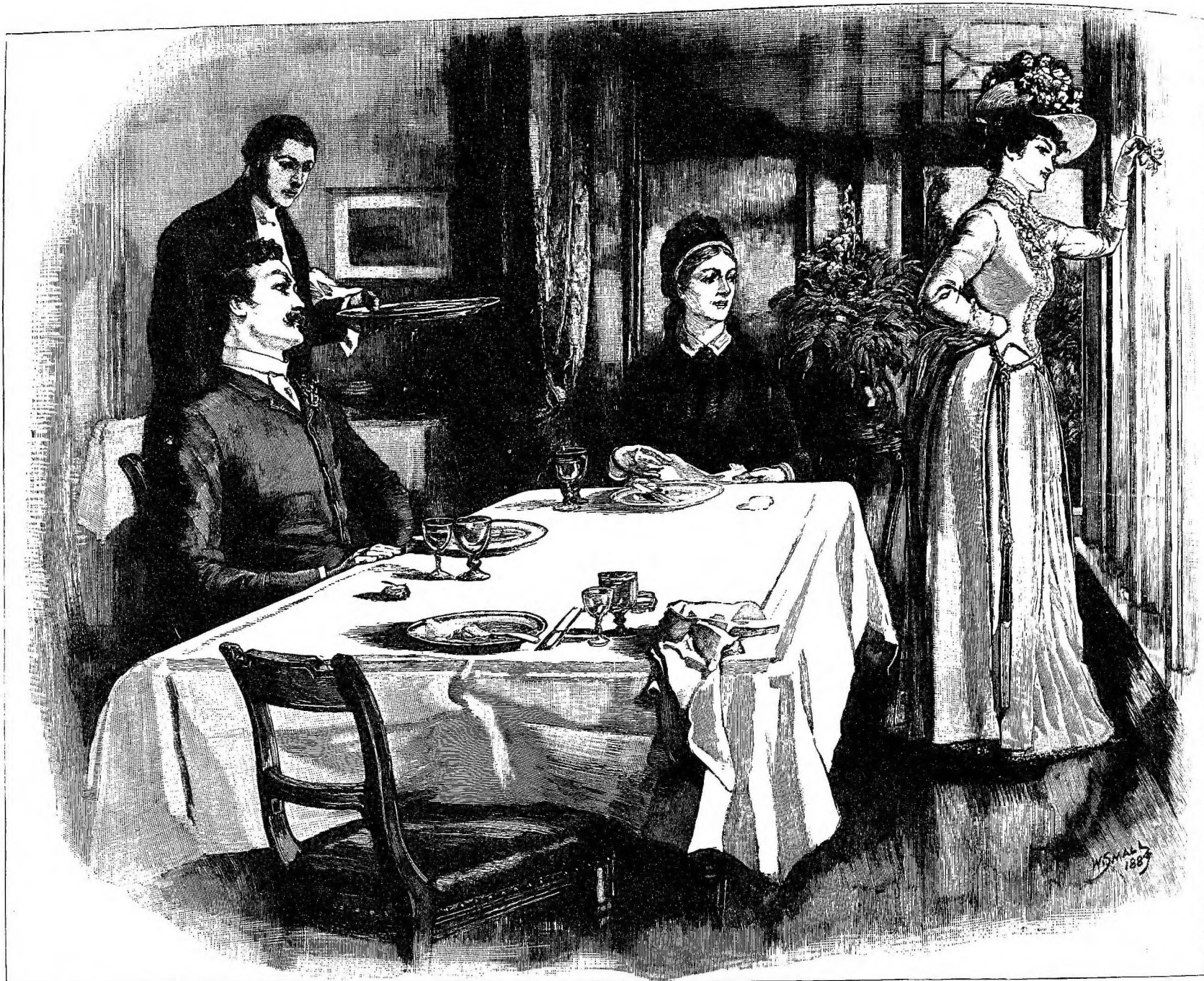
THE ATTEMPT TO RAISE H.M.S. "SULTAN"

ALTHOUGH the endeavours of our ships and seamen to save the *Sultan*, which lies at the bottom of the Comino Channel between Malta and Gozo, proved fruitless, and the unfortunate vessel sank in eight fathoms of water last March, all hope of salvage has by no means been abandoned, and the subjoined cut represents the *Uile*,



an Italian salvage ship, whose owners have undertaken to raise the sunken ironclad for the sum of 50,000l. Mr. Rose, of the Black Watch, who sends us the sketch from Malta, writes that the engineer, Mr. Chambon, expects to succeed in his task within the next few days.

THE CONGO RAILWAY is to be begun at once, nearly the whole of the capital having been subscribed. Probably the Congo State will ask the Belgian Government to grant an annual subsidy of 60,000l. for ten years, until the enterprise can pay its way.



DRAWN BY W. SMALL

Indeed, the young lady was so rude as to leave the table more than once, and go and stand at the open window.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &c.

CHAPTER

WARS AND RUMOURS

LITTLE could Lionel Moore have anticipated what was to come of his introducing his old comrade Nina to the New Theatre. At first all went well; and even the prima donna herself was so good as to extend her patronage to Lionel's protégée; insomuch that, arriving rather early at the theatre one evening, and encountering Nina in the corridor, she said to her—

"You come into my room, and I'll show you my make-up."

It was a friendly offer; and the young Italian girl, who was working hard in every way to fit herself for the stage, was glad to be initiated still further into these mysteries of the toilet. But when she had followed Miss Burgoyne into the sacred inner room, and when the dresser had been told she should not be wanted yet awhile, Nina, who was far from being a stupid person, began to perceive what had prompted this sudden invitation. For Miss Burgoyne, as she was throwing off her things, and getting ready for her stage-transformation, kept plying her guest with all sorts of cunning little questions about Mr. Moore—questions which had no apparent motive, it is true, so carelessly were they asked; but Nina, even as she answered, was shrewd enough to understand.

"So you might call yourself quite an old friend of his," the prima donna continued, busying herself at the dressing-table. "Well, what do you think of him now?"

"How, Miss Burgoyne?" Nina said.

"Why, you see the position he has attained here in London—very different from what he had when he was studying in Naples, I suppose. Don't you hear how all those women are spoiling him? What do you think of that? If I were a friend of his—an intimate friend—I should warn him. For what will the end be?—he'll marry a rich woman, a woman of fashion and cease to be anybody. Fancy a man's ruining his career—giving up his position, his reputation—becoming nobody at all—in order to have splendid horses and give big dinner-parties! Of course she'll have her doll, to drive by her side in the Park; but she'll tire—and then? And he'll get sick-tired, too; and wish he was back in the theatre; and just as likely as not he'll take to drinking, or gambling, or something. Depend on it, my dear, a professional should marry in the profession; that's the only safe thing; then there is a community of interests; and they understand each other, and are glad of each other's success. Don't you think so yourself?"

Nina was startled by the sudden appeal; but she managed to intimate that, on the whole, she agreed with Miss Burgoyne; and that young lady proceeded to expand her little lecture, and to cite

general instances that had come within her own knowledge of the disastrous effects of theatrical people marrying outside their own set. As to any lesson in the art of making-up, perhaps Miss Burgoyne had forgotten the pretext on which she asked Nina to come to her room. Her maid was called in to help her now. And at last it was time for Nina to go, for she also, in her humble way, had to prepare herself for the performance.

But this friendliness on the part of the prima donna towards the young baritone's protégée did not last very long. For one thing, Lionel did not come to Miss Burgoyne's sitting-room as much as he used to do, to have a cup of tea, and a chat with one or two acquaintances: he preferred standing in the wings with Nina, who was a most indefatigable student, and giving her whispered criticisms and comments as to what was going forward on the stage. When Miss Burgoyne came upon them so employed, she passed them in cold disdain. And by degrees she took less and less notice of Miss Ross (as Nina was now called) who, indeed, was only Miss Girond's understudy, and a person of no consequence in the theatre. Finally, Miss Burgoyne ceased to recognise Miss Ross, even when they happened to be going in by the stage-door of an evening; and Nina, not knowing how she had offended, nevertheless accepted her fate meekly and without protest, nor had she any thought of asking Lionel to intervene.

But worse was to befall. One day Lionel said to her—

"Nina, I never knew any one work harder than you are doing. Of course it's very handy your having Mrs. Grey to coach you; and you can't do better than stand opposite that long mirror and watch yourself doing what she tells you to do. She's quite enthusiastic about you; perhaps it's because you are so considerate—she says you never practise until the other lodgers have gone out. By the way, that reading dialogue aloud is capital; I can hear how your English is getting freer and freer; why, in a little while you'll be able to take any part that is offered you. And in any case, you know, the English audiences rather like a touch of foreign accent; oh, you needn't be afraid about that. Well, now, all this hard work can't go on for ever; you must have a little relaxation; and I'm going to take you and Mrs. Grey for a drive down to Hampton Court, and we'll dine there in the evening, in a room overlooking the river—very pretty it is, I can tell you. What do you say? Will next Friday do? Friday is the night of least consequence in a London theatre; and if you can arrange it with Mrs. Grey, I'll arrange it with Lehmann; my understudy is always glad of a chance of taking the part. You persuade Mrs. Grey, and I'll manage Lehmann: is it a bargain?"

So it came about that on a certain bright and sunny morning in

June Lionel was standing at the window of a private room in a hotel near the top of Regent Street, where he proposed (for he was an extravagant young man) to entertain his two guests to lunch before driving them down to Hampton Court. He had ordered the wine, and seen that the flowers on the table were all right; and now he was looking down into the street, vaguely noticing the passers-by. But this barouche that drove up?—there was something familiar about it—wasn't it the carriage he had sent down to Sloane Street?—then the next moment he was saying to himself—

"My goodness gracious, can that be Nina!"

And Nina it assuredly was; but not the Nina of the black dress and crimson straw hat with which he had grown familiar. Oh, no; this young lady who stepped down from the carriage, who waited a second for her friend, and then crossed the pavement was a kind of vision of light summer coolness and prettiness; even his untrained intelligence told him how charmingly she was dressed; though he had but a glimpse of the tight-fitting gown of cream-white, with its silver girdle, the white straw hat looped up on one side and adorned on the other with large yellow roses, the pale yellow gloves with silver bangles at the wrists, the snow-white sunshade, with its yellow satin ribbons attached. The vision of a moment—then it was gone; but only to reappear here at the open door. And who could think of her costume at all when Nina herself came forward, with the pretty, pale, foreign face so pleasantly smiling, the liquid black eyes softly bespeaking kindness, the half-parted lips showing a glimmer of milk-white teeth.

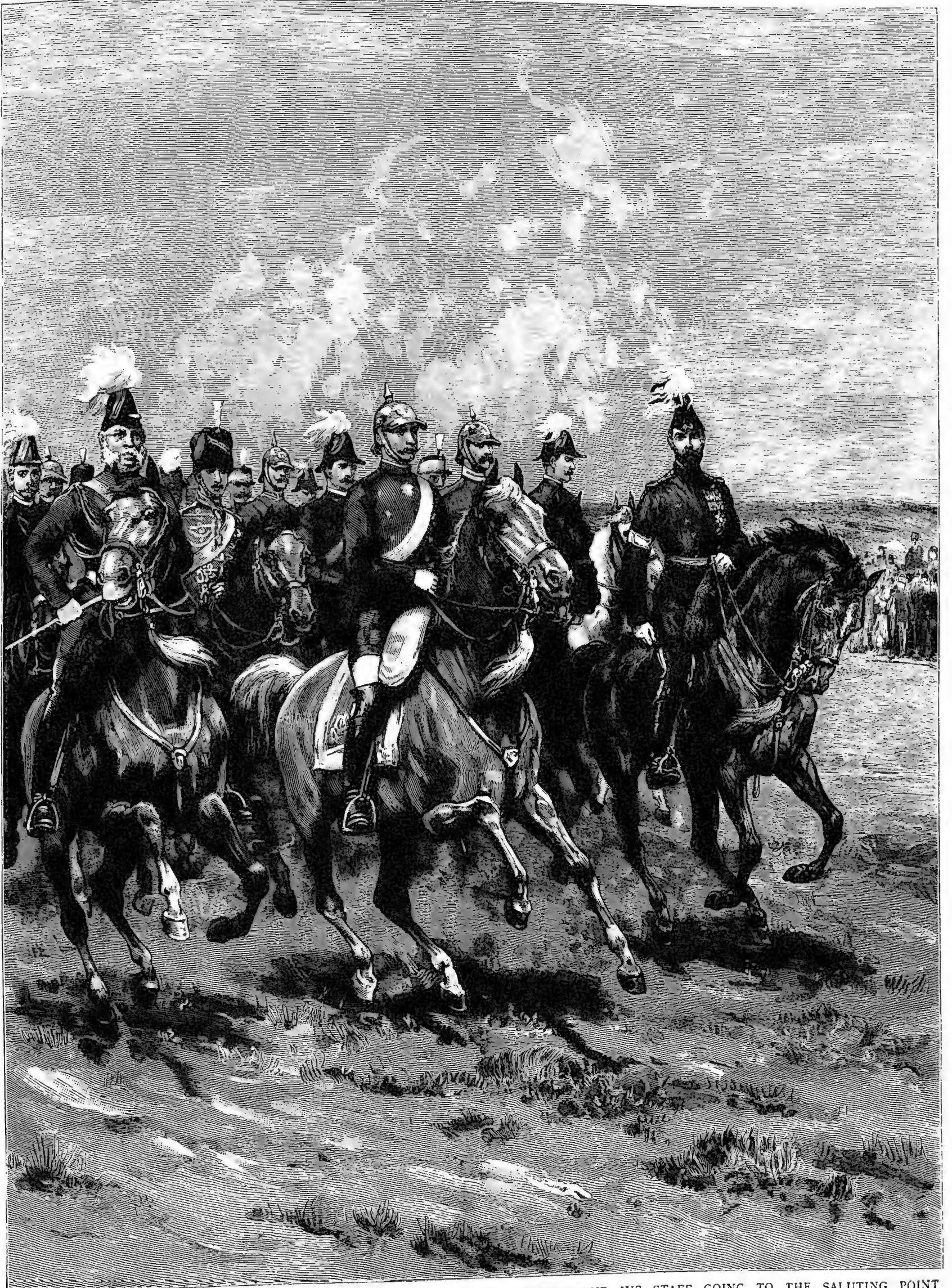
"Good-morning, Leo!"

"Good-morning, Nina! They say that ladies are never punctual; but here you are to the moment!"

"Then you have to thank Mrs. Grey—and your own goodness in sending the carriage for us. Ah, the delightful flowers!" said she, glancing at the table, and her nostrils seemed to dilate a little, as if she would welcome all their odours at once. "But the window, Leo—you will have the window open? London it is perfectly beautiful this morning!—the air is sweet as of the country—oh, it is the gayest city in the world!"

"I never saw London fuller, anyway," said he, as he rang the bell, and told the waiter to have luncheon produced forthwith.

Nina, seated at table in that cool summer costume, merely toyed with the things put before her (except when they came to the strawberries); she was chattering away, with her little dramatic gestures, about every conceivable subject within her recent experience, until, as she happened to say something about Naples, Lionel cruelly interrupted her by asking her if she had heard lately from her sweetheart.



THE REVIEW AND SHAM FIGHT AT ALDERSHOT—THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND HIS STAFF GOING TO THE SALUTING POINT

"Who?" she said, with a stare; and also the little widow in black looked up from her plate and seemed to think it a strange question.

"Don't you pretend to have forgotten, Nina," Lionel said, reprovingly. "Don't you look so innocent. If you have no memory, then I have."

"But who, Leo?" she demanded, with a touch of indignation. "Who—who?—who? What is it you mean?"

"Nina, don't you pretend you have forgotten poor Nicolo Ciana."

"Oh, Nicolo!" she exclaimed, with supreme contempt (but all the same there was a faint flush on the clear olive complexion). "You laugh at me, Leo! Nicolo! He was all, as they say here, sham—sham jewellery, sham clothes, all pretence, except the oil for his hair—that was plenty and substantial, yes. And a sham voice—he told lies to the Maestro about his wonderful compass—"

"Now, now, Nina, don't be unjust," he said. "Mrs. Grey must hear the truth. Mrs. Grey, this was a young Italian who wanted to be better acquainted with Miss Nina here—I believe he used to write imploring letters to her, and that she cruelly wouldn't answer them; and then he wrote to Maestro Pandiani, describing the wonderful tenor voice he had, and saying he wanted to study. I suppose he fancied that if the Maestro would only believe in the mysterious qualities of this wonderful organ of his he would try to bring them out; and in the mean time the happy Nicolo would be meeting Nina continually. A lover's stratagem—nothing worse than that! What is the harm of saying that you could take the high C if you were in ordinary health, but that your voice has been ill-used by a recent fever? It was Nina he was thinking of. Don't I remember how I used to hear him coming along the garden-paths in the Villa Reale—if there were few people about you could hear his vile falsetto a mile off—and always it was—"

*'Antoniella, Antonià,
Antoniella, Antonià;
Votate, Nenna bella, votate cca,
Vedimmo a pettenessa comme te stà.'*

"Leo," she said, with proud lips, "he never called me *Nenna mia*—never! He dared not!"

In another instant, he could see, there would have been protesting tears in her eyes; and even Mrs. Grey, who did not know the meaning of the familiar Neapolitan phrase,* noticed the tremulous indignation in the girl's voice.

"Of course not, Nina," he said, at once, "I was only joking—but you know he did use to sing that confounded '*Antoniella, Antonià*,' and it was always you he was thinking of."

"I did not think of him, then!" said she, almost instantly recovering her self-control. "Him? No! When I go out—when I was going out in the *Santa Lucia*, I looked at the English gentlemen—all so simple and honest in their dress—perhaps a steel watch-chain to a gold watch—not a sham gold chain to no watch! Then they looked so clean and wholesome—is it right, wholesome?—not their hair dripping with grease, as the peasant-girls love it. And then," she added, with a laugh, for her face had quickly resumed its usual happy brightness of expression, "then I grow sentimental. I say to myself 'These are English people—they are going away back to England, where Leo is—can they take him a message?—can they tell him they were going over to Capri, and they met on the ship—on the steamer—an Italian girl, who liked to look at the English, and liked to hear the English speak?' And then I say 'No; what is the use; what would any message do; Leo has forgotten me.'"

"Oh, yes," said he, lightly, "you must have been quite certain that I had forgotten my old comrade Nina!"

They got a beautiful, warm, sunny afternoon for their drive down to Hampton Court; nor was it fated to be without incident either. They had passed along Oxford Street and were just turning out of the crowded thoroughfare to enter Hyde Park—and Lionel, as a man will, was watching how his coachman would take the horses through the Marble Arch—when Nina said in a low voice—

"Leo!"

"Well?" said he, turning to her.

"Did you not see?"

"See what?"

"The carriage that went past," Nina said, looking a little concerned. "Miss Burgoyne was in it—she bowed to you—"

"Did she? I didn't see her—I'll have to apologise to her to-morrow," said he, carelessly. "Perhaps the compliment was meant for you, Nina."

"For me? Ah, no. Miss Burgoyne speaks no more to me."

"She doesn't speak to you? Why?" he asked, in some amazement.

The young Italian lady made a little gesture of indifference.

"How do I know? But I am not sorry. I do not like her—no! she is not—she is not—straightforward, is it right?—she is cunning—and she has a dreadful temper—oh! I have heard—I have heard such stories! Again she is not an artist—I said that to you from the beginning, Leo—no, not an artist: why does she talk to you from behind her fan, when she should regard the others on the stage? Why does she talk always and always to you when she has nothing to say?"

"Oh, but she finds plenty to say!" he observed.

"Yes," said Nina, contemptuously, "she has always plenty to say to you on the stage, if she has not a word the moment the scene is over. Why? You don't understand? You don't reflect? I will tell you, Leo, if you are so simple. You think she does not know that the public can see she talks to you? She knows it well; and that is why she talks. It is to boast of her friendship with you, her alliance with you. She says to the ladies in the stalls 'See here, I can talk to him when I please—you are away—you are outside.' It is her vanity. She says to them 'You can buy his portrait out of the shop-window perhaps—you can ask him to your house perhaps—and he goes for an hour, among strangers—but see here—every night I am talking to him'—"

"Yes, and see here, Nina," he said, with a laugh, "how about my vanity?—don't you think of that? Who could have imagined I was so important a person! But the truth is, Nina, they've lengthened out that comic scene inordinately with all that gagging; and Miss Burgoyne has nothing to do in it: if she hides her talking behind her fan—"

"Hides?" said Nina, with just a trace of scorn. "No; she shows! It is display! It is vanity. And you think a true artist would so forget her part—would wish to show the people that she talks privately—"

"Miss Nina is quite right, you know, Mr. Moore," said the little widow in black, and she was entitled to speak with authority. "I didn't think it looked well myself. A ballet-girl would catch it if she went on the same way."

"What would you have her do?" he said—for he was a very tolerant and good-natured person. "Sit and look on at that idiotic comic gag?"

"Certainly," said the little dame, with decision. "She is in the scene. She is not Miss Burgoyne; she is *Grace Mainwaring*; and she ought to appear interested in everything around her."

"Oh, well, perhaps I have been to blame," he said, rather un-

easily. "I dare say I encouraged her. But really I had no idea the audience could have noticed it."

"It was meant for them to notice it," Nina said, vindictively; and then, as she would have nothing more to say on this wretched subject, she turned to look at the gay lilacs and laburnums in the neighbourhood of the Serpentine, at the shimmering blue of the wide stretch of water, and at the fleet of pleasure-boats with their 'wet oars' gleaming in the golden sunlight.

Her equanimity was soon restored; she would have nothing further to say of Miss Burgoyne on such a gracious afternoon; and indeed when they had crossed the Thames at Putney, and got into the open country down by Barnes and East Sheen and Richmond, she was chattering away in her delight over everything they encountered—the wide commons, the luxuriant gardens, the spacious mansions, the magnificent elms, the hawthorn-trees, red and white; that sweetened all the soft summer air. Of course when they arrived at the top of Richmond Hill they halted for a minute or two at the Star and Garter to water the horses, while they themselves had a stroll along the terrace, a cup of tea, and a look abroad over the wide, hazy, dreamlike landscape stretching far out into the west. Then they crossed the river again at Richmond Bridge; they bowed along by Twickenham and Teddington; finally they drove through the magnificent chestnut-avenues of Bushey Park, which were just now in their finest blossom. When they stopped at the Mitre it was not to go in: Nina was to be shown the gardens of Hampton Court Palace: there would be plenty of time for a pleasant saunter before dinner.

Miss Burgoyne, indeed! Nina had forgotten all about Miss Burgoyne as the little party of three passed through the cool grey courtyard of the Palace and entered into the golden glow of the gardens—for now the westering sun was rich and warm on the tall elms and limes, and threw deep shadows on the greensward under the short black yews. They walked down towards the river, and stood for a long time watching the irregular procession of boats—many of them pulled by young girls in light summer dresses that lent some variety of colour to this sufficiently pretty picture. It was altogether an attractive scene—the placid waters, the soft green landscape, the swift, glancing boats, from which from time to time came a ripple of youthful laughter or song. And indeed Nina was regarding rather wistfully those maidens in palest blue or palest pink who went swinging down with the stream.

"Those young ladies," she said, in an absent kind of way, to the little widow who was standing beside her, "it is a pleasant life they live. It is all amusement. They have no hard work; no anxieties; no troubles; everything is made gentle for them by their friends; it is one enjoyment, and again and again; they have no care."

"Don't be so sure of that, Miss Nina," Mrs. Grey said, with a quiet smile. "I dare say many a one of those girls has worked as hard at her music as ever you have done, and has very little to show for it. I dare say many a one of them would be glad to change her position for yours—I mean, for the position you will have ere long. Do you know, Mr. Moore," she said, turning to Nina's other companion, "that I am quite sure of this—if Miss Burgoyne's under-study was drafted into a travelling company, I am quite sure Miss Nina here could take her place with perfect confidence."

"I don't see why not," he said, as if it were a matter of course.

"Then you know what would happen," Mrs. Grey continued, turning again to the young lady, in whose future she seemed greatly interested. "Miss Burgoyne would want a holiday, or her doctor would order her to give her voice a fortnight's rest, or she might catch a bad cold—and then comes your chance! You know the music thoroughly; you know every bit of Miss Burgoyne's 'business'; and Mr. Moore would be on the stage, or in the wings, to guide you as to your entrances and exits. That will be a proud night for me, my dear; for I'll be there—oh, yes, I'll be there; and if I have any stage-experience at all, I tell you it will be a splendid triumph—with such a voice as yours—and there won't be any more talk of keeping you as understudy to Miss Girond. No," she added, with a shrewd smile, "but there will be something else. Miss Burgoyne won't like it: she doesn't like rivals near the throne, from what I can hear. She'll try to get you drafted off into one of the country companies—mark my words."

"The country?" said Nina, rather aghast. "To go away into the country?"

"But look at the chance, my dear," said the little ex-actress, eagerly. "Look at the practice—the experience! And then, if you only take care of your voice, and don't strain it by overwork, then you'll be able to come back to London and just command any engagement you may want."

"To come back to London after a long time?" she said, thoughtfully; and she was somewhat grave and reserved as they strolled idly back through the gardens, and through the Palace buildings, to the riverside hotel.

But no far-reaching possibilities of that kind were allowed to interfere with Nina's perfect enjoyment of this little dinner-party that had been got up in her honour. They had a room all to themselves on an upper floor; the windows were thrown wide open; even as they sat at table they could look abroad on the spacious landscape whose meadows and hedges and woods stretched away into distant heights crowned by a solitary windmill. Indeed, the young lady was so rude as to leave the table more than once, and go and stand at the open window: there was a charm in the dying out of the day—in the beautiful colours now encircling the world—in the hushed sounds coming up from the stream—that she could not withstand. The evening glow was warm on the rose-hued front of the Palace and on the masses of sunny green foliage surrounding it; on the still blue river the boats were of a lustrous bronze; while the oars seemed to be oars of shining gold as they dipped and flashed. By and by, indeed, the glory faded away; the stream became grey and ghostly; there were no more ripples of laughter or calls from this side to that; and Nina resumed her place more contentedly at the table, which was all lit up now. She made her small apologies; she said she did not know that England was such a beautiful place. Lionel, who in no way resented her thus withdrawing herself from time to time, had been leisurely talking to Mrs. Grey of theatrical things in general; and now that coffee was coming in, he begged permission to light a cigarette. Altogether it was a simple, friendly, unpretentious evening, that did not seem to involve any serious consequences. As night fell, they set out on their homeward drive; and through the silent country they went, under the stars. Lionel left his two friends at their door in Sloane Street; and as he was driving home to his lodgings, if he thought of the matter at all, he no doubt hoped that he had given his friends a pleasant little treat.

But there was more to come of it than that. On the following evening Lionel got down to the theatre rather later than usual, and had to set to work at once to get ready, so that he had no opportunity of seeing Miss Burgoyne until he actually met her on the stage. Now those of the public who had seen this piece before could not have perceived any difference of manner on the part of the coquettish *Grace Mainwaring* towards the young gentleman who had so unexpectedly fallen in her way—to wit, *Harry Thornhill*; but Lionel instantly became aware of it; and while he was endeavouring, after the fashion of the young stage gallant, to convey to *Miss Grace Mainwaring* the knowledge that she had suddenly captured his fancy and made him her slave for life, he was inwardly reflecting that he should have come down earlier to the theatre, and apologised to Miss Burgoyne for the unintentional slight of the previous day. As soon as the scene was over, and they were both in the

wings, he hastened to her (they had left the stage by opposite sides) and said—

"Oh, Miss Burgoyne, something very awkward happened yesterday—I am so sorry—I want to apologise—"

"I hope you will do nothing of the kind," said she, haughtily, "it is quite unnecessary."

"Oh, but look here, I'm really very sorry," he was endeavouring to say when she again interrupted him:

"If you choose to go driving through London with chorus girls," said she, in measured and bitter tones, "I suppose your attention must be fully occupied."

And therewith she marched proudly away from him: nor could he follow her to protest or explain, for he was wanted on the stage in about a second. He felt inclined to be angry and re-entful; but he was helpless; he had to attend to this immediate scene.

Meanwhile Miss Burgoyne did not long preserve that lofty demeanour of hers; the moment she left him her rage got the better of her, for here was the Italian girl most inopportunely coming along the corridor; and just as poor Nina came up, Miss Burgoyne turned and said aloud, so that every one could overhear—

"Oh, we don't want foreigners in English opera; why don't they take a barrel-organ through the streets, or a couple of canaries in a cage!"

Nor was that all; for here was Mlle. Girond; and the smart little boy-officer, as she came along the passage, was gaily singing

*Le rôti, la salade,
L'amour, la promenade
A deux dans les
Dans les
Deux dans les
A deux dans les bleus!*

"Oh, there's another of the foreign chimpanzees!" exclaimed Miss Burgoyne, in her fury; and she dashed into her room, and slammed the door behind her.

Mlle. Girond stood staring at the door; then she turned to look at Nina; then she burst out laughing.

"Quel ouragan, grand Dieu!" she cried. "Ma pauvre enfant, qu'allez vous faire maintenant?" She turned to the door and laughed again. "Elle a la tête près du bonnet, n'est ce pas?—Bon Dieu, elle s'enflamme comme de la poudre!"

But Nina did not stay to make any explanation: somewhat paler than usual, and quite silent and reserved, she took up her position in the wings; nor had she a word to say to Lionel when he came off the stage and passed her—with a nod and a smile of greeting—on his way to his room.

Then things went from bad to worse, and swiftly. On the very next afternoon, which was a Sunday, Lionel was about to walk down to Sloane Street, to have a chat and a cup of tea with Mrs. Grey and Nina; but before going he thought he would just have time to scribble a piece of music in an album that Lady Rosamund Bourne had sent him and affix his name thereto. He brought his writing-materials to the table and opened the big volume; and he was glancing over the pages (Lady Rosamund had laid some very distinguished people, mostly artists, under contribution, and there were some interesting sketches) when the house-porter came up and presented a card. Lionel glanced at the name—*Mr. Percival Miles*—and wondered who the stranger might be; then he recollected that surely this was the name of a young gentleman who was a devoted admirer of Miss Burgoyne. Miss Burgoyne had, indeed, on one occasion introduced the young man to him; but he had paid little heed; most likely he regarded him with the sort of half-humorous contempt with which the professional actor is apt to look upon the moon-s'ruck youths who bring bouquets into the stalls and languish about stage-doors. However, he told the house-porter to ask the gentleman to step upstairs.

But he was hardly prepared for what followed. The young gentleman who now came into the room—he was a pretty boy, of the fair-haired English type, with a little yellow mou-tache, and clear grey eyes—seemed almost incapable of speech, and his lips were quite pale.

"In—in what I have to say to you, Mr. Moore," he said, in a breathless kind of way, "I hope there will be no need to mention any lady's name. But you know whom I mean. That—that lady has placed her interests in my hands—she has appealed to me—I am here to demand reparation—in the usual way—"

"Reparation—for what?" Lionel asked, staring at the young man as if he were an escaped lunatic.

"Your attentions," said the hapless boy, striving hard to preserve a calm demeanour,—"your attentions are odious and objectionable—she will not submit to them any longer—"

"My attentions," Lionel said. "If you mean Miss Burgoyne, I never paid her any—you must be out of your senses!"

"Shuffling will do you no good," said this fierce warrior, who seemed to be always trying to swallow something—perhaps his wrath—"The lady has placed her interests in my hands; I demand the only reparation that is possible between gentlemen."

"Look here, my young friend," Lionel said, in a very cool sort of fashion, "do you want to go on the stage? Is that a specimen of what you can do? For it isn't bad, you know—for burlesque."

"You won't fight?" said the young man, getting paler and more breathless than ever.

"No, I will not fight—about nothing," Lionel said, with perfect good-humour. "I am not such an ass. If Miss Burgoyne is annoyed because I passed her on Friday without recognising her, that was simply a mistake for which I have already apologised to her. As for any cock-and-bull story about my having persecuted her with odious attentions, that's all moonshine; she never put that into your head: that's your own imagination—"

"By heavens, you shall fight!" broke in this infuriated young fool, and the next moment he had snatched up the ink-bottle from the table before him and tossed it into his enemy's face. That is to say, it did not quite reach its aim; for Lionel had instinctively raised his hand, and the missile fell harmlessly on to the table again—not altogether harmlessly, either, for in falling the lid had opened and the ink was now flowing over Lady Rosamund's open album. At sight of this mishap, Lionel sprang to his feet, his eyes afire.

"I've a mind to take you and knock your idiotic brains against that wall," he said to the panting, white-faced youth. "But I won't. I will teach you a lesson instead. Yes, I will fight. Make what arrangements you please: I'll be there. Now get out."

He held the door open: the young man said as he passed—

"You shall hear from me."

And then Lionel went back to Lady Rosamund's ill-fated album, and began to sponge it with blotting-paper, while with many a qualm he considered how he was to apologise to her and make some kind of plausible explanation. Fortunately the damage turned out to be less serious than at first sight appeared. The open page, which contained a very charming little sketch in water-colour by Mr. Mellord, was of course hopelessly ruined; but elsewhere the ink had not penetrated very far: a number of new mounts would soon put that right. Then he thought he would go to Mr. Mellord and lay the whole affair before him, and humbly beg for another sketch (artists always being provided with such things); so that, as regarded the album, no great harm had been done.

But as he was sitting in Mrs. Grey's little parlour, at tea, Nina

* *Nenna mia*, or *Nenna bella* is the pet phrase used by the Neapolitan young man in addressing his sweetheart. *Nenna* has nothing to do with *Nina*, which is a contraction of *Antonia*.



GENERAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.M.G.
FROM THE LAST PAINTING IN-OUTLED FOR THE GRAVE BY THE LATE FRANK HOLL, R.A.

framed he looked a little preoccupied and was not talking as lightly as usual, and she made bold to ask him if anything was the matter.

going to fight a duel," she said, faintly.

"A duel, Leo!" he said, cheerfully, "I don't think
"Yes; and what I fear about it is the ridicule that may follow.
But don't be alarmed, Nina," he said, "I can take care of
I'm going to fall on the deadly field of battle; I can take care of
myself. The trouble is that the whole thing is so preposterous—so
absolutely ridiculous! The fact is, what the young gentleman
really wants is a thorough good caning, and there's nobody to give
it him. Very well, he must have something else; and I propose to
teach him a wholesome lesson. I'm not going to take the trouble
crossing over to France or Belgium—I dare say that will be the
programme—for nothing. Then there's another thing, Nina: I am
the challenged party; I ought to have the choice of weapons. Well,
now, I am not a very good shot; but I'm considered a very fair
fencer; and I suppose you would say that I should be magnani-
mous, and choose pistols? Oh, no; I'm not going to do anything
of the kind. There might be a very awkward accident with pistols
—that is to say, if our bloodthirsty seconds put in more than half a
charge of powder. But with swords I fancy I shall be rather
master of the situation; and perhaps a little prod or a scratch, just
to show him the colour of his own blood, will do him a world of
good. It may turn out the other way, no doubt: I've heard of bad
fencers breaking through one's guard just by pure ignorance and
accident; but the betting is against that kind of thing."

"But what is it all about, Leo?" Nina exclaimed: she was far
more concerned about this mad project than he appeared to be.

"Oh, I can't tell you that," said he, lightly, "without telling you
the name of the lady—for of course there is a lady in it—and that is
never allowed."

Nina sprang to her feet, and stretched out her hand towards him. "I know—I know!" she said, in a breathless sort of way: "Leo, you will not deny it to me—it is Miss Burgoyne! Ah, do I not know!—she is a serpent!—a cat!—a devil!"

"Nina," he said, almost angrily, "what are you talking about! Do you suppose Miss Burgoyne would want a duel fought just because I happened to pass her, by accident, without raising my hat?—It's absurd."

"Ah, there is more than that, Leo!" Nina cried, eagerly; and then she paused, in some hesitation and embarrassment. "Yes, there is more than that," she repeated, as if with an effort, and there was a slight flush in the pretty pale face. "Why should I not say it to you? You are too simple, Leo. You do not understand. She wishes to have the reputation to be allied with you—in the theatre—out of the theatre. Then she sees that you drive with me in an open carriage: she hates me—what more natural? And she is angry with you—"

"But," he said, "do you think any woman could be so

"Now, Nina," said he, "do you think any woman could be so mad as to want to have a duel fought simply because she saw me driving past in a carriage with Mrs. Grey and you—is it reasonable?"

"Leo, you did not see her last night," Nina said, but still with a little embarrassment, "when she meets me in the corridor—oh, such a furious woman!—her face white, her eyes burning. As for her insulting me, what may I care? I am a foreigner, yes: if one says so, I am not wounded. Perhaps the foreigners have better manners a little?—but that is not of importance: no, what I say is, she will be overjoyed to have you fight a duel about her—why, it is glory for her!—every one will talk—your names will be joined in newspapers—when the people see you on the stage they will say 'Ah, ah, he is back from fighting the duel; he must be mad in love with Miss Burgoyne.' A duel—yes, so unusual in England—every one will talk—ah, that will be the sweetest music for Miss Burgoyne's ears in the whole world—prouder than a queen she will be when the public have your name and her name rumoured together. And you do not understand it, Leo!"

He had been listening in silence, with something of vexation deepening upon his features.

"What you say only makes matters worse and worse!" he exclaimed, presently. "It that were true, Nina—just supposing that were the true state of the case—why, I should be fighting a duel over a woman I don't care twopence about, and with a young jacksass whom I could kick across the street! That is what I ought to have done!—why didn't I throw him downstairs? But the mischief of it is that the thing is now inevitable; I can't back out; I declare I never was in such a quandary in my life before!"

never was in such a quandary in my life before!"

"And you will go and put yourself in danger, Leo," Nina said, indignantly, "that a deceitful woman has the pride to hear the public talk! Have you the right to do it? You say there are sometimes accidents—both with swords as pistols—yes, every one knows it. And you put your life in danger—for what? You care nothing for your friends, then?—you think they will not heed much it—if an accident happens? You think it is a light matter—nothing—a trifle done to please a boy and a wicked-minded woman? Leo, I say you have no right to do it! You should have the spirit, the courage, to say no! You should go to that woman and say—'You think I will make sport for you?—no, I will not!' And as for the foolish boy, if he comes near to you, then you take your riding-whip, Leo, and thrash him!—thrash him!—thrash him!" Nina exclaimed, with her teeth set hard: indeed, her bosom was heaving so with indignation that Mrs. Grey put her hand gently on the girl's shoulder, and reminded her that Lionel was in sufficient perplexity, and wanted wise counsel rather than whirling words.

and wanted wise counsel rather than whirling words. As for Lionel himself, he had to leave those good friends very shortly; for he was going out to dinner, and he had to get home to dress. And as he was walking along Piccadilly, ruminating over this matter, the more he thought of it the less he liked the look of it; not that he had been much influenced by Nina's apprehensions of personal harm, but that he most distinctly feared the absurdity of the whole affair. Indeed, the longer he pondered over it, the more more-so and resentful he became that he should ever have been placed in such an awkward position; and when he was going upstairs to his room, he was saying to himself with gloomy significance:

"Well, if that young fool persists, I'd advise him to look out:
I'm not going over the water for nothing."
(To be continued)

(To be continued)

LORD WOLSELEY

THE portrait of General Sir Garnet Joseph, Viscount Wolsley, K.P., C.G.B., G.C.M.G., &c., &c., which is published to-day, has an interest greater than that attaching to the subject of it. The picture is the very last work executed for us by the late and lamented Frank Holl, R.A. What that means to our readers needs no words to tell. And of the subject of this portrait so ably rendered by the brush of Mr. Holl and the graver of Mr. Uhlrich so much has been written that it might seem well to write no more for the present. Yet by common consent Lord Wolsley is, both in England and abroad, one of the most interesting personalities of the age. He has warm and admiring friends, he has vehement and perhaps venomous enemies, but even the latter folk show that they cannot help admiring him just a little. In their attacks upon him they treat him as a personage of all but the first importance, and to admit this is to admit that the Adjutant-General has most notable qualities. To those who know him, and especially to those who have worked with and under him, the main feature of his character is his buoyancy. Like Wordsworth's friend in "The Excursion"—

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows.

His pride is not that which "apes humility." He has abundance of wholesome belief in himself. Only the other day one who, being a Staff College man, and who has served him with field officer's rank in two campaigns, besides administrative work, said of him that his never-failing characteristics are vivacity and alertness. There is no harder worker, and there is no heartier laughter. That must be a wonderful story which he cannot "cap" out of the memories of his ripe experience; that must be a marvellous joke for which his wit and humour do not provide a smart and often generous retort. In the midst of disappointments he is never morose; in the presence of calamities he is not given to lose his temper. The gaiety of his eye tells truly of the good-fellowship of his nature; and though he can rap a man hard over the knuckles on occasion for letting an opportunity slip or for manifesting stupidity, and especially hesitation, in the presence of one of the moments that try men's souls, "Sir Garnet"—as the men still love to call him—is constitutionally inclined to believe that a brother in arms has done his best as, in the good old formula which is to him a sort of second creed, "an officer and a gentleman." Frank to a fault, he is yet jocund as the day, to use Romeo's image; and he is as full of devices or artifices in the field as an egg is of meat.

artifices in the field as an egg is of meat.

The same officer, who knows him thoroughly and has served him zealously, though he is not strictly speaking of what is called "the Wolseley school," admires most of all the Adjutant-General's capacity to assume and endure responsibility, and his never-failing appreciation of men who are not afraid to take responsibility on them. They may be right; if they have brains they probably will do the proper thing to be done at the moment and under the circumstances. They may be wrong; if they are so, and yet have shown perception and strength of mind, their intentions will be appreciated, for no one knows better than the General that the race is not always to the swift or the battle to the strong. During the Nile Campaign it was telegraphed home once, at least, that there had been a Council of War. Lord Wolseley never held such a council in his life, and probably never will. As he admires men who do not dread responsibility, he would be false to his faith if he did not bear it himself. What have been taken to be councils have been confabulations. He has thought out a plan. He mentions it to those whom he trusts as heads of departments. He hears what they have to say, each in his own special branch, and finds he has anticipated any objections that crop up, while he rises reassured that he has fairly got in his grasp the power to attempt if not to achieve the end he proposes in the way he has conceived. At least once it has happened that even the heads of departments, after a long sitting, have not divined the whole idea that was in the chief's mind, and did not gather it until formal instructions came out for its execution. Thus, while perfectly frank in one way, he is secretive in another. He thinks a thing out for himself. Others may provide the materials for the decision; but with the decision they have nothing to do. The decision once taken, no general officer of great position has ever been known to interfere less with the way in which his lieutenants execute it. On them the burthen of that—and how can he be everywhere to see everything? But woe be to the man who has failed to comprehend his instructions, or who has perilled a movement by adopting measures inconsistent with the dominant idea. For him is the sentence, "never more be officer of mine!" Yet the youngest officer who, in carrying out instructions, shows readiness, resource, and pluck, and who is not afraid to take the responsibility of acting for himself, as though he were the master of legions, when circumstances alter cases—why for him honours, rewards, and what is, perhaps, better than all, warm appreciation of motives and unstinted commendation of the moral courage displayed.

courage displayed.

Lord Wolsley's staff is like a family. In the gravest moments it is not unprepared for the touch of humour which brightens up his nature. In the gayest hour it knows the chief has not done with the weight of thought. See him at his mess-table at breakfast—who would suppose that he had been up into the small hours working alone in his house or tent, and up with or preventing the dawn? See him at dinner, who would dream that he had before him hours of intense labour and responsibility which none can alleviate? And as it is in the field so it is in the City. What was on the Canal or the Nile, the Red River or the Gold Coast, that is in Pall Mall or in the quiet, airy room at Greenwich where papers involving not only the administration, but what is in many points more distressing, the discipline, of the whole army are turned out of the official leather satchels by the hundred, and are carefully read and disposed of, or, if left for future reference, as carefully filed. System, concentration, application, industry, sharpness—these are the implements with which the chaos is reduced to order, the wheat sifted from the chaff, or the cockle, or the poppy-seed. A good burst over Blackheath with his daughter on a couple of horses that can go, this gives the freshness for the work. Strict temperance, verging upon teetotalism, this preserves will and working power. Even a cigarette is now denied, lest it should reduce capacity for labour. A fine constitution that has not been played with, this provides the machinery, *mens sana in corpore sano*. A laughing-loving spirit, this reduces difficulties, and makes them look like obstacles created to be conquered. But something remains behind, something which is curiously singular to the man. He is never so busy but that he has time to see a friend or give to a book. He is a great reader. He is a serious student. On a wet day he will take out in writing for relaxation the hours that ought to have been spent in the saddle. This is the way in which many magazine papers have sprung into being; but such papers are pastime. There is more than one great work in contemplation, and the materials for it are frequently, if not daily, collected and digested, to be put into final shape when the burthen of army administration and reforms is shifted to other shoulders. "Reforms"—there is the rub. The active brain is always casting about for a way in which to do things better that are only just done well. If there is impatience in the character, it is here that it comes out. People do not see the points as quickly as he does—therefore let them be stirred up, even though they should be official superiors. Indiscretion in speech sometimes "galls the kibes" of *faint* civilians. But the man has to be what he is by the law of his nature. And, after all, to those who see behind the scenes, this is a noble failing which has

won at once many an improvement that would, but for exposure, long have tarried. It is a failing which a bureaucracy may resent, but which a people should admire. And, under this failing and the fun there is in the individual, lies a great foundation of common sense that does not always accompany great parts. Perhaps this common sense may sometimes dictate what have been rather cleverly, if not quite accurately, called "Lord Wolseley's calculated imprudences."



THE story of the war between Will and Destiny, called "Passages in the Life of Sir Lucian Elphin, of Castle Weary" (2 vols.: Edinburgh, David Douglas), is a piece of strikingly good work—so good that the anonymous author deserves to have what is presumably his first novel judged with all the severity due to fiction of a really high order. That is to say, it is good in comparison, not with the flood of average fiction, but with what fiction was when a new novel was an event in the literary world. To give it, therefore, its full meed of fault-finding, it is strange that an author, who evidently has the organ of construction so well developed, should have encumbered himself with a form impossible to maintain. The novel is supposed to be a piece of biography, "edited" by Sir Lucian's sister; which obliges that lady to seem as if she were making public her brother's deepest secrets during his lifetime, to cruelly betray those of another woman, and to report, *verbatim*, conversations and incidents which could not by any possibility have come to her knowledge. It is, therefore, necessary to ignore the "editing" business in order to obtain the effect of reality—a process which, happily, is perfectly easy. An objection on similar grounds must be taken to the family ban of the Elphins—it is infinitely more interesting and profitable, and more dramatic also, to find the fate which clouds Sir Lucian's life in the natural consequences of his character and breeding. The tragedy of human weakness no longer needs any embellishments in the Greek style, which savour of the affectation inseparable from imitations and revivals. These things being said, nothing remains but praise; especially for every piece and stroke of a portraiture which displays a wide and wise knowledge of men, women, and the world. One is especially glad to add to one's list of friends the apparently commonplace Guardsman, Lord Guiltree, with his exceedingly simple creed of honour, but whose ordinary qualities, at a vital crisis, render him a hero of the unconscious, matter-of-course order which it is always good to identify with the idea of an English—or as, in deference to his compatriots, we ought to in this case, to say, a Scottish—gentleman. It is one of the good qualities of the novel that the author writes from a point a little above his characters, as if he comprehended them as their master, and could trust them to act and think for themselves, instead of following the current practice of seeming to invent subjects for his own microscopic study. This breadth of treatment, applied to simple types of character and everyday weaknesses and passions, renders these memoirs of Sir Lucian Elphin a work of conspicuous mark and promise: especially as it is written with dignity, and in a cultivated style.

"A Crooked Path" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) is, to say the least, as good a novel as the best of the many good novels which Mrs. Alexander has written; indeed most people, even those who remember "The Wooing O't," will consider it the most satisfactory of them all, as a piece of literary work, as well as the most interesting as a story. The plot, while just touching the outskirts of crime, goes far to prove that there are as many unused materials in the world for exciting perfectly wholesome interest as ever there were; and that the set of the current in unhealthy directions is at any rate partly due to the lack of inventive power on the part of writers rather than to the bad taste of readers. Mrs. Alexander is certainly not among those who need find herself in want of a plot at once interesting and wholesome, to judge from the freshness and novelty of the "Crooked Path" to which Katherine Liddell found herself committed. Starting from a point so common as the suppression of a will, the reader before long finds himself following her into the least expected yet the most natural developments, reaching poetical justice at the end by equally natural and equally unlooked-for means. The portraiture is invariably adequate, and the background well filled; and when it is unnecessary for a personage to come to the front, or to rise to the requirements of a situation, the demand is always met in such a manner as to seem as if, in spite of the elaboration which the plot must have received, situation were the result of character, and not character of the exigencies of construction. Especially to be commended is Mrs. Ormonde, who is made to play a humorous rôle as a type of consciously impudent selfishness, and her two delightful boys.

unconsciously impudent selfishness, and her two daughters.

Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip) cannot fairly be congratulated on her choice of a plot for "That Other Woman" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.). Bigamy can scarcely any longer be regarded as interesting in itself; and there is nothing in the case of that feeble rascal, Mr. Phillips-Twysden, to take it from the category of ordinary police-court business, even to the anxiety of wife No. 1 to condone the affair in order to save her husband from scandal. And there is something grotesque in the sentimental hero-worship of both Mr. Phillips-Twysden's wives because he was, at all events, man enough to perish in saving his child from a fire. His death was admirable, no doubt; but it was no set-off against his life and character. No doubt silly women have been victimised by obvious cads in the most incredible manner; but any victim of such a feeble specimen as Mr. Phillips-Twysden is outside sympathy.

"Love will find out the way," by Mary H. Tennyson ("Family Story Teller Series:" *Family Herald* Office, 421, Strand), is a highly promising story of sensational incident, including an intensely exciting escape of a sane patient from a private madhouse, under exciting new conditions; and the story of a starving boat's-crew rendered equally fresh in interest by the piece of terrible self-sacrifice which it includes. The whole novel is almost too painful, and the incidents hurry almost too breathlessly upon one another; but there can be no question of its interest—indeed there is no point at which it can be laid down comfortably, and without a desire to read at least one chapter more. There are also not a few signs of real insight into human character, as in the exceedingly suggestive observation that callous selfishness is the chief note of lunacy. The faults are extravagance of portraiture, and a tendency to "pile up the agony;" but these are healthy faults which tend to their own cure.

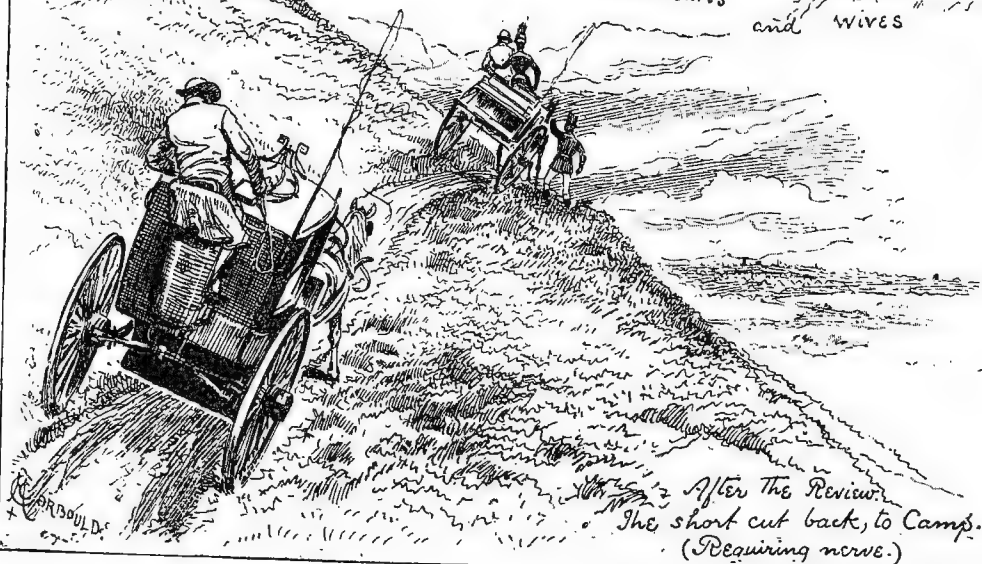
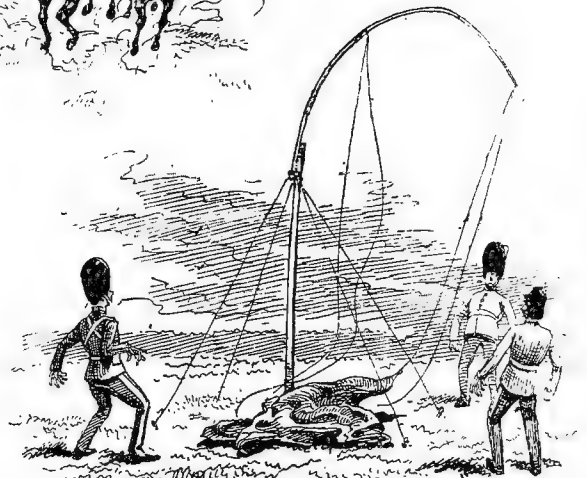
"The Other Stories" (1 vol.: Kegan Paul,

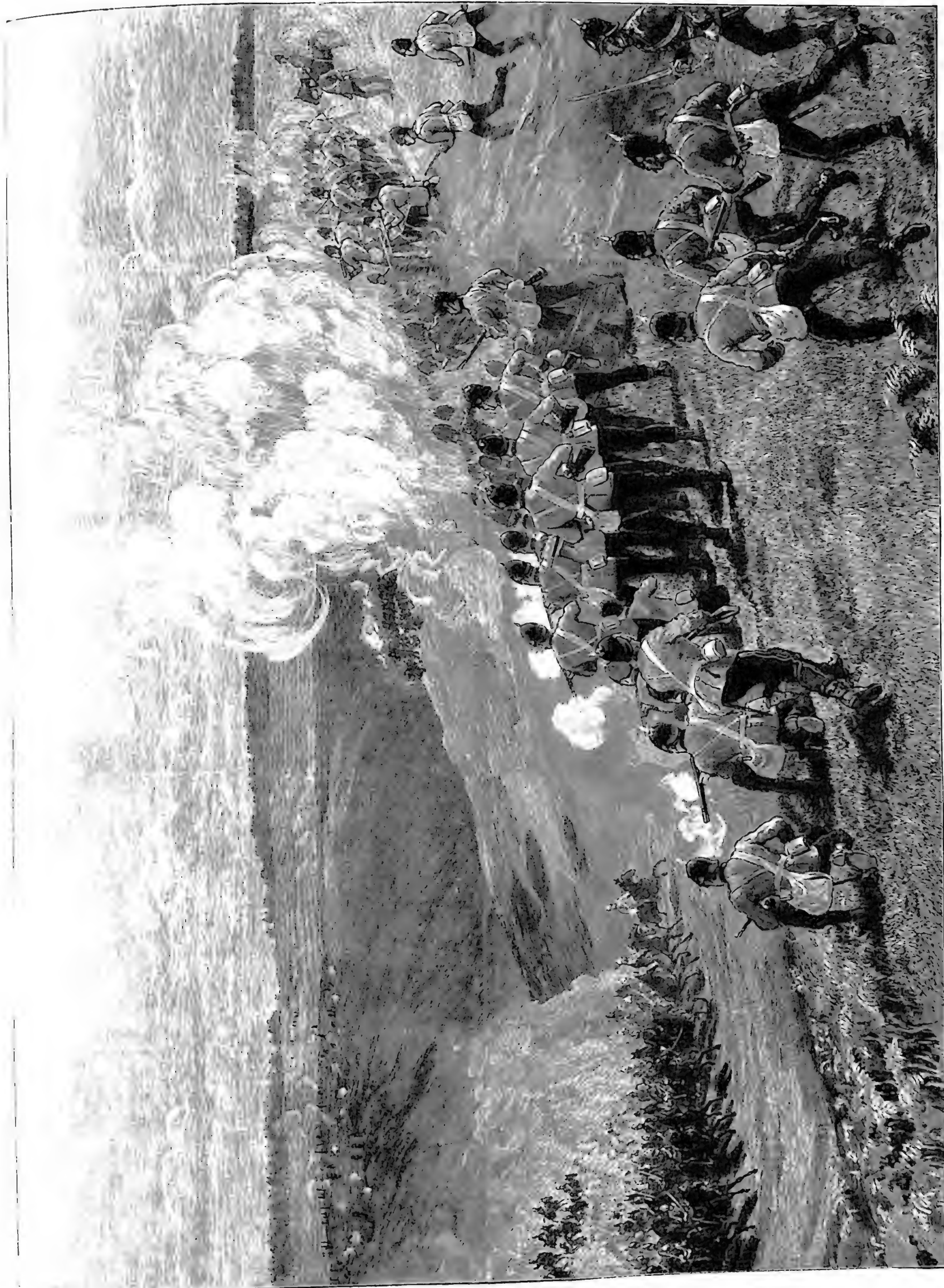
"Jacob's Letter: and Other Stories" (1 vol.: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), is a collection of slight but neatly and sympathetically written tales, or rather anecdotes, by Roland Grey, the first—otherwise called "A. Story of Unser Fritz"—being suggested by an incident of the Franco-German War, told by Mr. Archibald Forbes. The volume will serve to pass an hour very pleasantly.

A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF DIPLOMATIC PHOTOGRAPHS is being made by the Empress Dowager of China, who wishes to obtain the portraits of all distinguished foreigners connected with the Chinese domestic service or foreign relations. Her Majesty is specially anxious for a good likeness of General Gordon

TRAVELLERS ON ELECTRIC RAILWAYS should leave their watches at home, as the electricity inevitably affects the delicate machinery of the watch, and spoils its accuracy for keeping time.

THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM at the Paris Jardin des Plantes has just been installed in very handsome new quarters. Two spacious galleries occupy the front of the building, while a large hall stretches out at the back, with three storeys of galleries running along each side. The most important zoological specimens are shown in the hall, where three huge trophies are especially notable. (One group is formed of the largest wild beasts surrounding a monster elephant; the second includes the chief reptiles and amphibia, with six splendid whales; and the last is composed of birds and small animals. Most of the birds, however, are housed in one of the front galleries, the other containing minor *fauna*.)





THE REVIEW AND SIAM FIGHT BEFORE THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY—CHARGE OF THE FIRST ROYAL DRAGOONS UPON THE ATTACKING INFANTRY

FROM A WINDOW IN MASHHAD

THE first impression of any European in looking out upon the main street in Mashhad, is likely to be—"What a fine street this would be made in any Western city!" It is sixty or seventy yards in width, with a plentiful stream flowing down a deep channel in the centre, and is planted with big umbrageous trees, the remaining space paved or asphalted.

The stream, however, pure enough above the city, is here a filthy black flood, into which every imaginable kind of garbage is cast, and in which women may be seen washing out filthy rags, tanners placing sheepskins to soak, and dyers pouring out the refuse of their trade. The side-walks are simply trodden earth—a Sahara of dust in the summer, a dismal swamp in the winter—in which strings of laden camels, mules, and donkeys crush through the crowds of foot passengers, at the risk of jostling the latter into the central canal; and the avenue is lined only with wretched tumble-down hovels, or blank garden walls, broken at intervals by the grotesquely-painted façade of a tea-house, where Persian houries are represented, with absolutely expressionless faces, enticing "Rustam," or some other hero of the national legends.

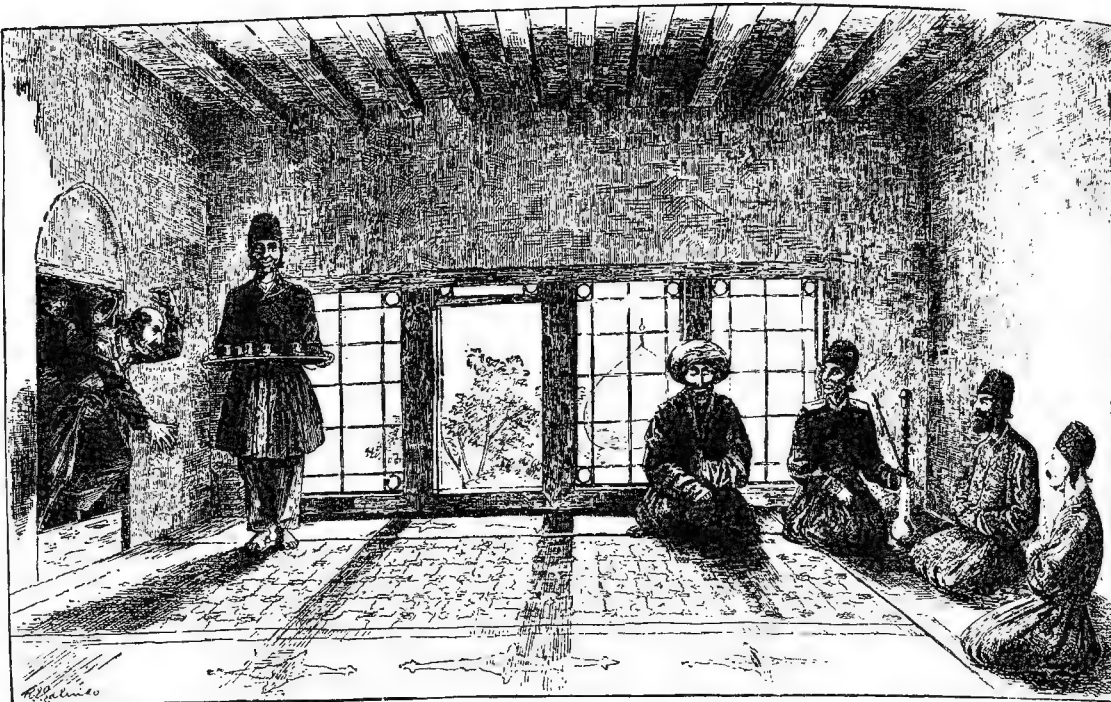
The street at a distance of a few hundred yards is barred by a massive railing. This is the enclosure of the Sahān—the shrine of Imām Reza—the Holy of Holies in the eyes of the Shiah sect of Islam. As the weary pilgrim from far-distant corners of Persia mounts the crest of any of the hills which inclose the great valley of Mashhad, he sees glittering in the sun the huge golden dome of this shrine; and he piles up a little heap of stones on the spot where the sight first gladdened his eyes. This shrine is so holy that its precincts are rigidly closed to both Christian and Jew; and even pious Mussulmans may on no account ride through it. The sacred precinct surrounds the shrine on all sides, and is called the "Bast," or sanctuary. Across all streets converging at the shrine, at a distance of about a hundred yards from the holy building, a massive chain is stretched just overhead, and this marks the limits of the Bast. Once within this chain, the worst of criminals—the rebel, the thief, or the murderer—is safe from the pursuit of justice; and very exciting chases sometimes take place through the narrow and tortuous streets of Mashhad, both criminal and officers racing madly for the chain. The Bast is a little town within a town, where the refugee may buy all the necessities of life without stirring beyond its protecting limits; indeed, the best shops of the city are said to be within the sanctuary.

While we have been sitting at the window we have become conscious of a great shouting, and a band of pilgrims comes in sight. They have entered by the "Balā Khīabān" (Upper Avenue) Gate, and are evidently Kurds from Bujnurd, or the northern frontier of Khorasān. They look a hardy set of fellows, more manly than the southern Persians. They have rugged, square-cut features, burned by the sun to a brick-dusty red, and are warmly clad in sheepskin "posteens," with big sheepskin caps. Most are riding donkeys, but many are on foot, and they advance slowly up the street, piloted by white-turbaned "mullahs," and shouting out their salutations to the Imām.

Slowly pacing down the street on the other side goes a Persian

ridiculously low, apparently with the sole object of destroying any overweening sense of self-importance on the part of a visitor, and introducing him in a fitting state of humility before his entertainer.

body are clothed in strips of gaudy-coloured shawl, scarlet "salloo," and tinsel, and all round his flanks are hung cheap looking-glasses, and tawdry-coloured pictures. Among the litter, to our astonishment, we noticed a Russian church "Ikon," a coloured lithograph



AN UNDIGNIFIED ENTRANCE

Scarcely has the great man passed on his way, when a mounted man—a sort of irregular trooper in the Governor's service—clatters down the street at a hand-canter, with the usual Persian flapping of "legs and wings." He brushes unceremoniously through the crowded street, regardless of the many black looks that are cast after him. Just as he arrives in front of the office, a poor woman crosses his path. Muffled up in the ridiculous costume worn by Persian women in the streets (which gives them the appearance of a blue balloon with a white sheet over its head), she does not see the cavalier in time to avoid him, and is thrown violently to the ground. She utters a piteous scream, and several of the bystanders

of the Virgin and Child, with a Russian inscription beneath. How on earth does it find itself here gracing a Mus-ulman function? The procession is accompanied by some fellows with pipes and drums, making a hideous noise, and the *farashes* are collecting money from the people. We are soon observed at the window, and a cap is held up for our contribution, and then we learn the meaning of this singular display. In a few days occurs the Id-i-Kurban or Feast of the Sacrifice, and this unfortunate camel is to be the victim.

On the day of the Id the poor camel is again led forth, no longer decked in its gaudy trappings, but covered all over with clean white calico. A disorderly mob of mounted men on horses, mules, and donkeys accompany him, and he is followed by other camels, on which are mounted some of the drummers of the shrine (for the Imām Réza keeps up his band of trumpeters and drummers), who beat a curious sort of ratapan as they ride along. The camel is taken to the Mosalla, a sacred building just outside the walls, and there, on a given signal, the mob of inhuman brutes fall on the poor animal, and literally hack him to pieces while still living. Each mounted ruffian then secures a fragment of the reeking flesh, and, with this on his saddle-bow, races off to the residence of the Governor, who is bound by ancient custom to give a money prize to the butcher who arrives first.

One day we witnessed an event of a yet darker and more tragical character, which showed us what fierce passions lurk under the externally frivolous and pleasure-loving character of the Persian. Coming down the street we saw a prisoner, with his hands bound, led by two of the Governor's *farashes*, and followed closely by two women and a boy about twelve years old. Just before our window there was a momentary commotion; we could hardly realise what was occurring, but apparently the prisoner attempted to escape. The next instant the two women and the boy were upon him with flashing knives and fierce screams, and the prisoner sank to the ground streaming with blood from a dozen stabs, while his assailants again and again plunged their knives in his body.

It appears that the prisoner had been in the service of a rich citizen. A lad had been sent to collect a debt from the latter, and the prisoner had decoyed him into a stable and murdered him for the sake of the money. The crime was brought home to him, and the Governor ordered him to be conducted outside the city, and there given over to the relatives of the murdered lad—who were only two women and a boy—to deal with as they pleased. The prisoner had bribed the *farashes* to allow him to escape into the "Bast," but the women suspected this, and, on the first sign of such an attempt, avenged themselves in the open street.

On another occasion the public executioner passed down the street leading a *mullah*, who seemed in rather a bad plight. A rope was passed through a fresh-cut hole in his nose, by which the executioner led him along like a camel. His ears had been slit up,



GOING TO PAY A VISIT

grandee on his way to pay a visit of ceremony. Like all his countrymen, he seems to have selected his steed chiefly for its height; for your Persian is never happy unless he is perched on a great leggy quadruped of over 16 hands. He adds to this artificial elevation in the world by using a saddle so constructed as to stand up some six inches above his animal's back; hence Persian horsemanship is much more a matter of "balance" than of "grip." Under the saddle, although the sun is quite warm, is a large housing of carpet work, with a long yellow silk fringe, covering the horse from breastbone to crupper. This has a very gorgeous appearance, but the headstall and bridle are composed of a wisp of dirty old rotten leather, and the bit resembles a piece of rusty iron wire! Or if, as is sometimes seen, the headstall and bridle are handsomely silverplated, be sure the saddle will be such as no European would pick out of the gutter; there is never a satisfactory *tout ensemble* about the turn out.

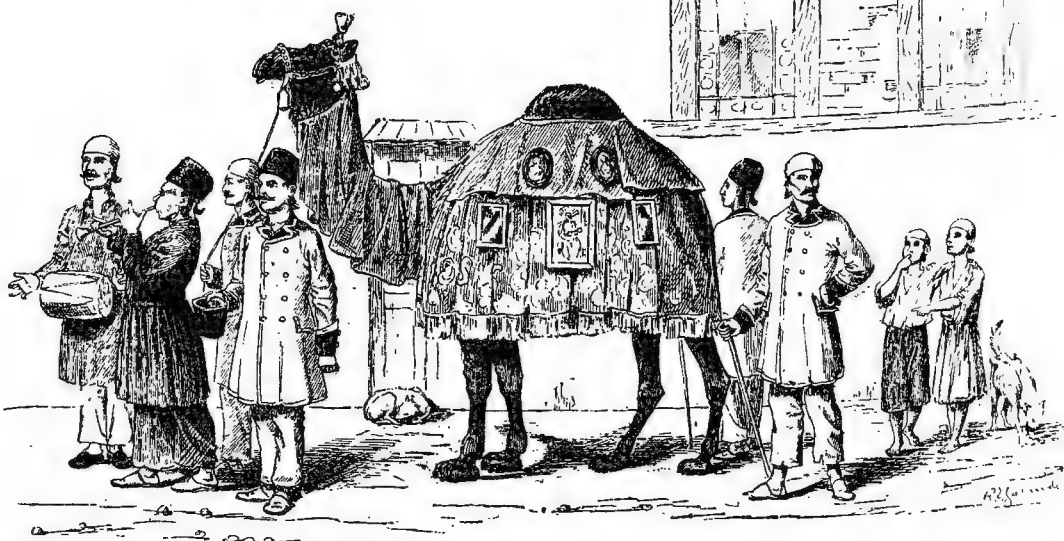
In front of the great man stalk four or five *farashes*, with long sticks, and behind him comes a most miscellaneous rabble of dirty, ragged hangers-on, first among whom is generally the "Kaliānchi," or pipe-bearer. The social importance of a man in this country is gauged by the number of tag-rag and bobtail that accompany him when he goes abroad, and he strives to increase his suite by many ingenious methods.

Observe that shabbily-dressed man, who, with a profound bow, accosts the grandee. He is probably a small shopkeeper, asking for a settlement of his little account. The great man replies:—"I am now on my way to visit His Excellency the Town Governor, and have no leisure; but if you will accompany me thither, I will talk with you on my return!" So the client "falls in" among the motley crowd in rear, and thus the great man gains a recruit to his following. The procession moves on at a stately walk; for a Persian gentleman, bound on a formal visit, always adopts a funereal pace.

Could we follow him to his destination, however, we should probably find that his arrival was of a far less stately appearance than his progress thither. He will perhaps be conducted up a dark staircase, extremely narrow and steep, and arrive suddenly at a little door, so low that, if he does not stoop profoundly, he will hit his head and knock off his black lambskin cap, and thus be propelled ignominiously into the presence of his host, sitting in State at the end of the apartment facing the door. All doors in Persia are built

endeavour to stop the horseman; but with a brutal laugh he dashes them aside, and disappears down the street at a faster pace than before.

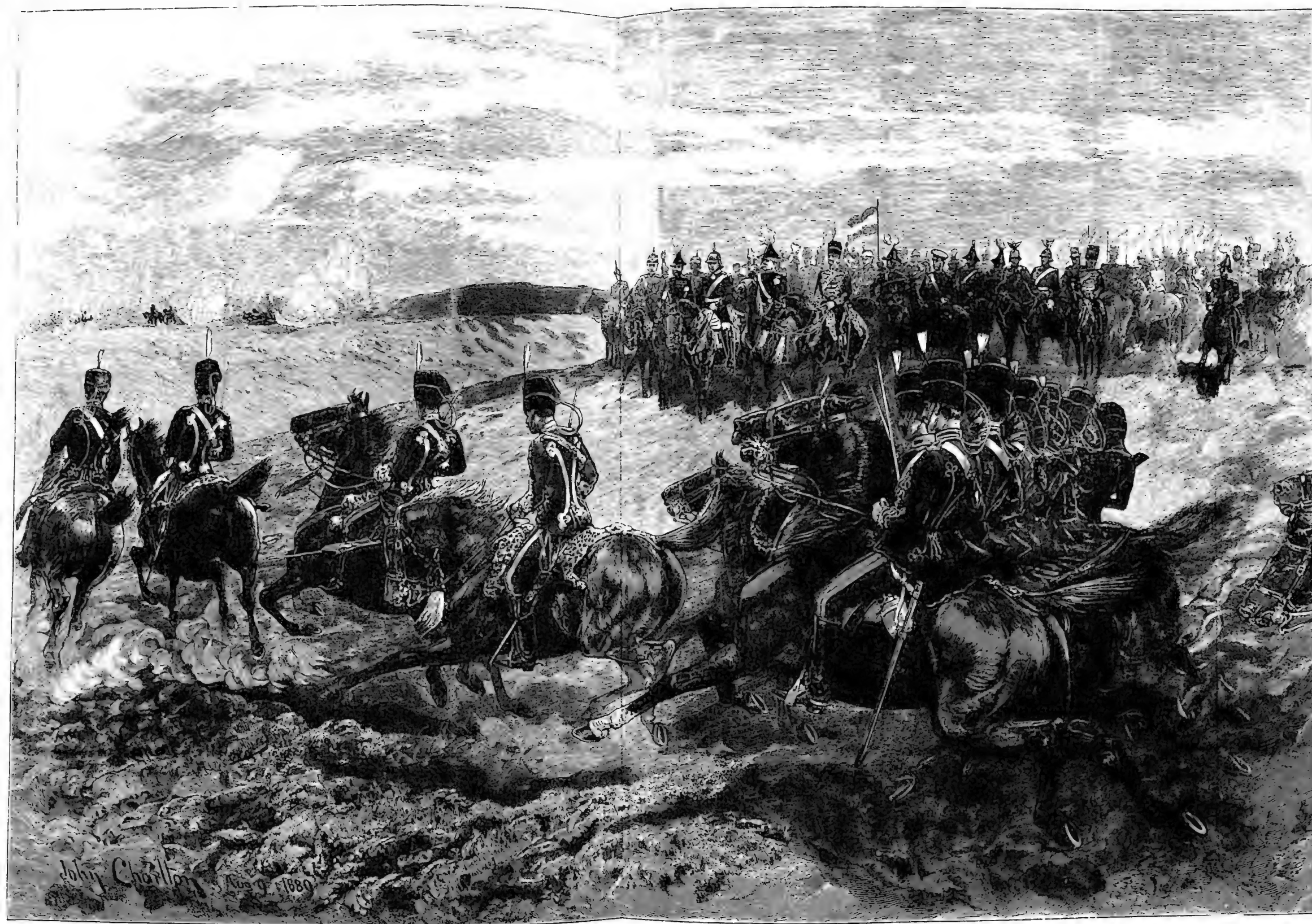
A singular procession next comes slowly along beneath our window. A group of the Governor's *farashes*—resplendent as to



DECKED FOR THE SACRIFICE

their upper man, in bright scarlet coats, with much gold lace, but sinking to an ignominious anti-climax in the way of dirty white cotton trousers and shabby, old, down-at-heel slippers—are escorting a camel, adorned in a most grotesque style. His long neck and

and his hobbling gait showed him to be in great pain from a recent beating on the soles of the feet. As he passed, the executioner proclaimed aloud, "This *mullah* has stolen the coat off a blind man's back!" Such was indeed the holy man's most unholy



THE REVIEW AND SHAM FIGHT BEFORE THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY—THE CHARGE OF THE HUSSARS

ORIGINAL PRICES OF SOME FAMOUS BOOKS

At no previous time have rare books brought such prices as within the last few years. Prices have increased, are increasing, and—the book-lover of slender means would like to add—ought to be diminished. This upward tendency is natural; and, looking to the steady accumulation of wealth, and the ever-increasing diffusion of culture and love of literature, it may fairly be expected to continue. Many causes, besides intrinsic worth, help to enhance the value of some books more than others. First editions of well-known works of a certain age may, as a rule, be depended upon to fetch high prices. The bibliomaniac bids for them because they are rare; the bibliophile covets them from a very natural desire to see and possess his favourites in their native dress, in form and appearance such as they first issued from the press, and were handled and recognised by the authors and their contemporaries. In the case of many famous works, published in the centuries gone by, it is impossible at this date to state with accuracy what was the original price charged; but in a few instances there is no such difficulty.

The first folio edition of Shakespeare, published by his fellow-actors, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, was sold for twenty shillings. The price of a copy nowadays depends, of course, upon its condition. A perfect example is one of the greatest of bibliographical rarities. Incomplete copies fetch from between one and two hundred to five hundred pounds; but a fine copy, now in the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, was sold for 714*l.*; and not long ago Mr. Quaritch, in one of his catalogues, described a first folio "genuine, sound, fine, and very large," which he would not part with for less than 1,200*l.* These prices seem enormous; but it should be remembered that not only was this the first collection, with any pretensions to authority or completeness, of Shakespeare's plays, but that no less than twenty of them had never previously been published. It is impossible to state precisely what the tiny, roughly-finished quarto editions of the separate plays, many of which now bring high prices, cost their original purchasers; but in the Epistle to the Reader, prefixed to the surreptitiously printed quarto of *Troilus and Cressida*, 1609, the buyer is expected to think his "testerne well bestow'd." "Tester," in those days, as now, meant sixpence, and this was probably the common selling price of separate plays. John Day, in his "Law-Trickes," published in 1608, thus concludes his Address to the Reader: "Farewell. Thine or any man's for a tester."

The "Venus and Adonis," which Shakespeare dedicated, in 1593, with such humility to Lord Southampton, was originally sold for something less than a shilling, for in an old manuscript diary, quoted by Malone, there is the entry under date June 12th, 1593, of the purchase of Shakespeare's poem with another book for "xiid." It is not often, comparatively, speaking, that very great bargains can be picked up on bookstalls or in book-boxes, but Mr. Halliwell-Phillips has placed on record the success of one collector who, some fifty years ago, bought, at Manchester, a volume of tracts, which contained the "Venus and Adonis" of 1594 for the magnificent sum of one shilling and threepence. In 1609 appeared one of the most interesting and curious books in English literature, "Shakespeare's Sonnets, never before Imprinted," a small quarto of forty leaves, which was sold for fivepence. This is given as the price in a contemporary account of payments preserved among the Dulwich MSS., and on the title-page of the copy of the first edition in Earl Spencer's library at Althorp, is an early written note of the same amount.

Information is scarce as to the original prices of sixteenth-century books, but one of the most noteworthy, the first Prayer Book, issued in the second year of the reign of King Edward VI., has a curiously elaborate imprint, wherein the reader is informed that the book is to be sold unbound for half-a-crown, "bound in parchment or forell, for three shyllinges and iiij pence, and not above: and bounde in Lether, in paper boordes or claspes for foure shyllinges, and not above."

The first folio edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queen," 1609, was published at one guinea. The next great English epic, the "Paradise Lost," appeared in 1667, in small quarto, plainly and neatly bound, as advertised, at the modest price of three shillings. Milton's remuneration was in proportion. He received an immediate payment of 5*l.*, and stipulated with the printer for further sums of 5*l.* each, to be paid when thirteen hundred of the first edition should have been sold, and again after the sale of the same number of the second and third editions respectively. Each edition was to be limited to fifteen hundred copies. Milton lived for seven years after the publication of his immortal poem, but only received one additional five pounds. At the sale of Dr. Laing's library in 1879 a copy of the first edition fetched 12*l.* 5*s.*, but at a more recent sale 16*l.* 16*s.* was the successful bid.

Another famous seventeenth century book, Walton's "Compleat Angler," was first published at eighteenpence—a price at which the "contemplative man" of a later day may shake his head with a sigh of regret.

A few years after Walton's book came the first part of Butler's "Hudibras," which was sold for half-a-crown. Mr. Pepys, on December 26th, 1662, dully chronicles in his "Diary" the fact that he had spent that sum on the new satire, but he says, "when I came to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the wars that I am ashamed of it; and by-and-by meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18*d.*," and Mr. Townsend undoubtedly got a bargain. Pepys subsequently made several attempts to read the book, to bring himself, as he says, to think it witty, but without much success. When the second part appeared, the diarist determined to tackle the poem again, but—like the cautious man he was—he this time borrowed the book to read before deciding on purchasing it. The diary entry, it may be noted, proves that the practice, which still obtains among publishers, of post-dating books issued towards the end of the year, is not of recent introduction, for notwithstanding that Mr. Pepys was able to buy a copy in December, 1662, the title-page of the first part of "Hudibras" is dated 1663.

One of the most celebrated of eighteenth century poems, Gray's "Elegy," made its first public appearance in the shape of a hurriedly printed pamphlet, which was sold for sixpence. This publication was the result of a curious race for priority. Gray completed the poem some time in 1750, but had no immediate intention of publishing it. A copy, however, found its way into the hands of a Mr. Owen, the publisher and proprietor of the *Magazine of Magazines*, a recently established periodical, and he wrote to the poet stating his intention of printing it in his magazine, and asking his co-operation. The proposal was not at all agreeable to Gray, but seeing that publication was inevitable, he wrote at once to Horace Walpole explaining the circumstances, and asking him to get Dodsley to print it immediately, but without the author's name. Walpole handed the poem to Dodsley on February 12th, 1751, and on the 20th a copy was in Gray's hands at Cambridge, so that it was probably published in London on the 18th or 19th. The *Magazine of Magazines* for February, according to the then custom, was published towards the end of the month, and may have come out on the same day. The rival editions must have appeared, it is pretty safe to say, within a few hours of each other. The action of the magazine editor was hardly justifiable, but it laid the reading world under a debt of obligation, by forcing the poem into print. Several "original" copies of the "Elegy" in the poet's writing are in existence. One, which was sold for 230*l.* at Sotheby's in 1875, was especially interesting from the number of corrections and erasures made by the author's hand. In this MS. Gray had substituted "Cromwell" and "Milton" for "Cæsar" and "Tully" as he had originally written. His friend Mason is said to have

suggested this alteration, as well as the title of the poem, which Gray at first simply called "Stanzas."

The original prices of most of Goldsmith's publications are easily ascertainable. His *Bee* papers appeared in 1759 in weekly numbers, stitched in blue covers, at threepence each. Only eight were published, and when complete these were issued in a half-crown volume. The famous letters known under the title of "The Citizen of the World" were first published in 1761 in Newbery's *Public Ledger*, a daily paper selling at twopenny-halfpenny. For each letter Goldsmith was paid a guinea. Three years afterwards came "The Traveller," price eighteen pence. At this time Goldsmith was still occasionally practising medicine, so on the title-page his name appears with the dignity of M.B. attached.

It was in this year, 1764, that "The Vicar of Wakefield" was written, but it did not appear until 1766, when its publication was announced by the following advertisement in the *St. James's Chronicle*:—"In a few days will be published in 2 vols., twelves, price 6*s.* bound, or 5*s.* sewed, 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' A tale, supposed to be written by himself. Printed for F. Newbery at the Crown in Paternoster Row." In 1770 appeared "The Deserted Village" at the modest price of two shillings.

The first edition of Robert Burns's collected "Poems" was published at Kilmarnock in 1786, and was sold in a month. The price of each copy was three shillings, and the poet cleared twenty guineas. Copies of this first edition have in recent years brought very high prices. The market value of the book so late as 1832 was only a guinea, but since that date its value has gradually risen, as shown by the sums paid for it at auctions, to 17*l.* in 1871, 38*l.* 10*s.* in 1876, and to 68*l.* in 1887. But this is not the highest figure, for in the following year, when the library of a Greenock gentleman was sold in London, a copy realised 86*l.* These prices seem extraordinary when it is remembered that the original edition consisted of 612 copies, and was published only one hundred years ago. A later poem of Burns's, the famous "Jolly Beggars," originally appeared as one of a series of twopenny tracts published in Glasgow in 1799.

With the commencement of the present century the original prices of books naturally cease to present so many points of interest as in the case of our older literature. But a word may perhaps be allowed with reference to the phenomenal sales at high prices of two of Sir Walter Scott's poems. The enormous success of his novels was perhaps hardly so surprising. The original edition of his second poem, "Marmion," published in 1808, consisted of 2,000 copies, at a guinea and a-half, and was sold in less than a month. Between 1808 and 1825 twelve octavo editions carried the total number of copies sold to upwards of 30,000. It was then included in the collected edition of his poetry published by Scott in 1830.

"The Lady of the Lake" appeared in 1809 in quarto, at two guineas. Four octavo editions followed within twelve months, making a total sale in that short period of 20,000 copies. Soon after the publication of this poem, when all the world was thronging to the shores of Loch Katrine, and Scott's name and fame were on every tongue, James Ballantyne, the printer, happened one day to find the poet's young daughter alone in her father's library, and asked her, "Well, Miss Sophia, how do you like 'The Lady of the Lake'?" "Oh, I have not read it," replied the little lady. "Papa says there's nothing so bad for young people as reading bad poetry."

G. L. A.

IN A SYNAGOGUE

How few people have ever been inside a synagogue! Such was the reflection which passed through our mind in riding on the top of a bus down the Portland Road, and it was evoked by noticing Hebrew words carved over the doorway of a good-sized building. The next thought was a determination to visit a shrine of Jewish worship. It was necessary to have some kind of introduction—at all events, to make certain that a stranger would be admitted. Strolling down Covent Garden, a shop, with an unmistakeable Hebrew name above it, at once led us to enter, and, politely telling our difficulties, ask if any admittance would be granted.

"Certainly," was the rejoinder; "and our Mr. Kahn (*i.e.*, Cohen, priest) is the very man to help you."

Mr. Kahn was summoned, and promised every facility.

"Would we, on next Saturday morning, at ten, appear at the Portland Street Synagogue, as this was the best synagogue for a stranger to see a Jewish service?"

We promised, and on the Sabbath morn indicated, duly presented ourselves. We took off our hat on entering, but were promptly told to put it on again.

"Should we, then, leave our shoes?" we asked, and were assured that nothing was needful but to take a place pointed out to us—evidently a seat of honour.

The synagogue is a somewhat plainly-decorated long room, with a broad passage down the centre, the seats gently rising upwards from it to the walls for worshippers. It had galleries, with lattice-work of a light texture in front, reserved for females. A raised platform, with a desk, occupied a central position; below which, on the western side probably, were three seats reserved for those who seemed the rulers of the synagogue. At the eastern end, in all probability as being the "kiblah," or sacred point, turned towards Jerusalem (just as all Mahomedans turn towards the Kaaba at Mecca), was a curtain of some embroidered stuff containing the chests which held the rolls of the Law and the Prophets. In old time a partition on the ground-floor used to separate the sexes in a synagogue, just as at present an imaginary barrier in many Christian churches in our own land keeps them apart.

The congregation came in "drippingly, drippingly," but behaved when inside with the deepest reverence. An officiator ascended the platform, accompanied by a choir of youths dressed in black gowns. This minister probably answered to the Sheliach of early times. Before the service began, however, each man drew out a drawer under his seat, and taking out a small handkerchief with fringes, fastened it round his neck, to remain there during his stay in the synagogue. This seems to be the "tallith," the "veil," which, St. Paul says, is yet "over their hearts." Prayers, of course, were put up while the congregation stood. They appeared like those of the English Church in many respects, with responses uttered by the choir. Psalms were sung, and then, with much solemnity, the minister proceeded to the veiled end of the synagogue and brought forth a large roll of the Law, wrapped in a richly embroidered cover (usually a gift from one of the faithful), and carried it to the desk on the platform. The rollers (or "umbilici" as the Romans would have called them) on which the Law was wound, had pomegranates and silver bells hanging from their terminations. The portion appointed for the day was then read, according to a cycle which provides that the whole Law shall thus be read through once a-year. The Law was then laid aside, and, after a prayer, the rolls of the Prophets were brought forth, and the Haphtarah (or Second Lesson) also read in order, according to a cycle, succeeded. These rollers were similarly adorned, and enclosed in a rich cover. Another devotion (answering to the English Canticle) ensued, and then the officiator proceeded to what is called the "Derash," or sermon. Evidently Judaism is as troubled with ritualistic questions as are other forms of worship, for the address or sermon on this Sabbath treated of a vexed ritual question, literally as old, in some respects, as the hills, and known as the "Kaddish," or Prayers for the Dead. When children, for instance, are left orphans, the question seemed to be how, when, and where they should advance at a certain point in the Funeral Service and repeat these Kaddish (devotions par-

taking of hope and resignation, and framed, as in our Burial Service, on the Book of Job) over the departed. This address was partly in English, but, as Rabbinical writers were freely cited in the original, it may be imagined that it was not very clear to our limited understanding of Hebrew.

After the Blessing, all left the synagogue, and we took occasion to interview the "Chazzan" (or Ruler of the synagogue). He expressed much gratification at our visiting the synagogue, and hoped it would not be the last time. Another suggested how useful an organ would be in their psalmody, but this was not, as might be expected, to procure a donation. It was rather to murmur against the will of the higher authorities, who are for the present as rigidly determined that there should be no organ as did the Presbyterian elders not long ago. Here again there is evidently a shaking among the dry bones of Judaism. On our venturing to speak of sacrifices and their absence from the ritual, we were informed that this had been the case since the destruction of the Temple, and would continue until the Restoration of the Jews to their own land and their Holy City.

A visit to a synagogue vividly impresses the beholder with the great truth that much of the English Church worship, more especially its order and regularity, is derived from the elder Church. And on recalling the changes in the ritual during the last forty years of one of the most conservative body of worshippers in the world, the Samaritans on Mount Gerizim, it is not surprising to find innovations and a desire for change among the Jews at present. Age after age the spirit inclosed in old wine bottles breaks out. Religion will not be bound. One generation fondly thinks that by some definite standard—by rubrics, canons, and councils—uniformity may be secured for ever. Men's thoughts, however, widen as years pass by, and that religious community which will not modify its principles in minor points gradually loses its hold upon the world's allegiance.

M. G. W.

A LITTLE MOON LORE

SPECULATIONS concerning the nature of the moon, or the extent to which it influences terrestrial phenomena, are not confined to astronomers and other men of science who tell us that it is a dead planet devoid of atmosphere and water, for many unscientific people think it consists entirely of the latter, not to mention others who are inclined to the supposition that chalk or green cheese may enter largely into its composition.

In fact, according to a Wiltshire legend, there was once a farmer's wife who, seeing the reflection of the moon in a river, thought that it was a cream cheese, and endeavoured to fish it out of the water with a rake. Perhaps it was as well for this worthy dame that her efforts were not crowned with success, for it is recorded that on one occasion an unfortunate donkey, having been suspected of swallowing the moon while drinking from a river, was tried in due legal form, and on being found guilty, had its body ripped open in order that the useful planet might be liberated, once again to shine upon the world below.

Witches are thought to have more or less influence over the moon, and the Heathen Chinese considers it to be, like the sun, a favourite article of diet with certain mischievous dragons, who are supposed to swallow it, and thus produce eclipses. Whether the digestive powers of one of these voracious monsters would be equal to the occasion, however, has never yet been satisfactorily proved. Possibly the sun or moon taken in a raw state might produce dyspepsia; but the Celestials lose no time in making such hideous noises as may be calculated to impress the dragon with a sense of his iniquity, and cause him to disgorge his strange meal with as little delay as possible.

The Canadian Indians tell their children that if they point at the moon their fingers will be bitten off. Some of the tribes of North America believe that there is a frog in it, and the Hindoos can see on the moon's face something very like a hare; but amongst ourselves, the popular legends have fixed upon a man and a dog as its sole inhabitants. The man in the moon is generally supposed to have been consigned to his present abode as a punishment for gathering sticks on the Sabbath, the idea it is said, having probably originated from the reference in the Book of Numbers to a man who was stoned to death for a similar offence.

A story is told of a gentleman with astronomical proclivities who proudly imagined that he had discovered an elephant in the moon. Subsequently, however, he was no doubt somewhat disgusted when the big animal was found to be nothing more than a mouse which had accidentally found its way into his telescope.

The potency of lunar influence in worldly matters was at one time almost universally acknowledged, and even now many of the errors and superstitions connected with the moon still hold their ground amongst the rustic population of the country. Not only is the restless ocean governed by the pale luminary of night, but a kind of tidal arrangement was supposed to exist in the bodies of animals, their marrow and brains fluctuating with the increase and waning of the moon. It is a popular belief that the rays of the latter, falling upon a sleeping person, cause his face to become distorted, and, as some aver, even deprive him of his senses—in fact, lunatics were so named from their supposed susceptibility to lunar influence, and "moon-struck" is a common term for a state of mental aberration bordering on imbecility. It is still commonly supposed, as it was in the days of the Romans, that the violence of madness increases with the moon and decreases as the latter is waning, the worst paroxysms occurring when the planet is at the full.

With the ancients the age of the moon was taken into consideration when felling timber, and a correspondent of *Nature* states that the superstition on this point is still firmly rooted in the public mind in Trinidad. The phases of the moon are supposed to exert a marked influence over the growth of mushrooms; and, formerly, in order that their flesh might not waste in the cooking, the best time for killing pigs was considered to be when the moon was on the increase or near the full.

One sometimes meets with the superstition that when the moon comes in and goes out on a Sunday seed planted during that month will not grow. Hair, it is said, should be cut at the new moon, otherwise it is liable to fall off; corns, on the other hand, should be cut during the waning of the moon, in order that they may gradually diminish and ultimately disappear. There are also many other similar superstitions, the general idea in them being that anything which may be done before the full moon is productive of increase or growth, the contrary being the case if the moon be waning.

Some savages imagine that a fresh moon is created every month, and it may possibly have been a somewhat similar idea that has caused the new moon to become the subject of the numerous customs and superstitious fancies which one not unfrequently meets with. It is customary with country people to bow or curtsy to the new moon, and by some it is also supposed that a wish made at such a time will be gratified. It is held, too, that the money in one's pocket should be turned for luck. To see the new moon through glass, however, is considered unlucky. When the moon is on its back, that is to say with the horns of the crescent pointing upwards, it is thought by some to indicate frost. Sharp horns of the new moon are supposed to presage wind; and when the outline of the entire planet can be traced it was, in Scotland, looked upon as a sign of bad weather.

With those who wished to dream of their future husbands or wives, there was formerly a practice—which possibly may now have

fallen into disuse—of sitting astride a gate or stile on the first night of the new moon, at the same time repeating the following lines:—

All hail to the moon, all hail to thee!
I prithee, good moon, reveal to me
This night who my husband's wife shall be.

The details of this ceremony, as well as the words of the rhyme, were, however, somewhat varied in different parts of the country. On the night of the first full moon in the year, those anxious to know when they were to be married looked into a pail of water and counted the moons which they saw reflected there—that being the number of years they would have to wait.

According to an old saying, "As many days old as the moon is on Michaelmas Day, so many floods after," and a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* states that in Bedfordshire two full moons occurring in one calendar month are generally supposed to bring on a flood.

In taking medicine, due regard was formerly paid by the superstitious to the position of the moon at the time—different parts of the body, they supposed, being under its influence according to the zodiacal sign through which the planet happened to be passing.

W. C. F.

THE OLD MILL

A ROMANCE OF TYROL

"Poor old, tumble-down, useless heap of lumber! Why cumber the earth longer? Your friends have long since crumbled to dust! Why not yourself go down to rest, in a blaze of glory, by heaping coals of fire on some poor shivering peasant's hearth, thus dissolving useless fibre to ashes! Surely 'twere no mean end—far better indeed than to stand there idle and deserted!"

Such my mental comment as I passed the old mill on my way to dine in a neighbouring "Gasthaus."

Possibly one reason which made me view the dilapidated structure as some do their useless relatives—viz., as fit subjects for cremation—was because, it being a warm day, swarms of Tyrolean flies of mammoth growth insisted on taking possession of my red sun-umbrella, thus causing me to hurry by and spare no time to imbibe the beauties of the scene.

However that may be, on the following day, happening to carry a light-coloured sun-shade, I made the interesting discovery that flies prefer red; so, being unmolested, had time and inclination to stop a moment on reaching the hill-top overlooking the mill. Therefore my thought on this occasion was less sombre and annihilating in character.

"Truly, old mill, your lot was cast in so beautiful a land, no wonder you cling to life! What a magnificent back-ground of mountains looms up protectively above you! What a charming expanse of rolling, green meadow spreads before! And too, how much you standing in solitary dignity add to the picture! Incomplete were it indeed without the poor old mill!"

So, day after day, as surely as I left my red parasol at home, did I discover new charms, and soon came to the conclusion that many beautiful things in life are missed merely by not allowing them time to assert their identity, and picture themselves on the brain. On one occasion it was but a modest mountain ash which attracted my notice, as gracefully it drooped its scarlet clusters above the battered roof; another time only a clematis twining itself lovingly about a delicately-fringed larch. Then the wild flowers multiplied so rapidly that some vainblossom was sure to seek admiration at the risk of losing its head on my approach. One day a wild orchid, whose buds resembled the cockatoo, made itself especially attractive as I crossed the narrow, loose-planked bridge. Wild strawberries, too, ripened in time to tempt my palate. What wonder that I soon began to feel a ripening affection for the little building upon which at first I had glanced with scorn; and, when I found an artist at work with palette and brush immortalising the ancient mill, I concluded that my admiration was not misplaced.

After a few days, however, something strange drew my attention as I passed to my mid-day meal. A pair of well-worn boots and an antiquated broom stood just outside of the door. Still the door was closed, as usual—there were no other signs of life about. The day following a new surprise awaited me. A cheap, gaudily-coloured print of a saint had been nailed over the one tiny upper window, just below the peak of the roof. From the first I had observed an old wooden image of the Madonna—or "Muttergottes"—above the window; but *this* was new—somebody had placed it there since the previous noon. My curiosity thoroughly roused, next day I looked eagerly for further development. Ah! there it was, a very glaring in the sunshine too, as slowly I climbed the slope—a white linen umbrella, open, and fastened carefully over the print. But the greatest surprise was still in store. A day later, long before I had reached the mill, a cheerful clatter greeted my ears—and lo! as I neared it, there was the great wheel slowly turning itself as the water poured gently over it, for the brook which fed the trough was no furious, rushing stream in midsummer.

Then came the crowning event. Out of the open door tottered a bent old man on his shoulders a huge bag of meal, which he deposited on the bench outside.

Seeing me, with true peasant politeness, he removed his dusty, old grey cap, saying,

"Wünsche guten Tag, Fräulein!"

More he would not have said had I not glanced upwards and remarked—

"A fine new picture!"

How his sad face brightened as he made reply, "Ja, ja, Fräulein! And so you too, the holy Petrus like! He carries the keys, you know—the mill would not work without he willed!"

"But you do not let it work very often, do you?"

"Nein, Fräulein! But seldom these many, many years! Freilich—it requires but little labour to keep life in this old body—its wants are few—and truly I have duties much more important than the grinding of yellow-meal. Much have I to perform ere I can go down to my grave in peace. Ach, Fräulein! know you not that the soul—my soul, at least—needs more care than the body?"

As he spoke the look of sadness returned to his care worn, deeply-furrowed face—so sad that it haunted me for many a day, and I became more and more convinced that no commonplace experience had been that of the lone old miller.

Well, I began questioning the peasant-folk thereabouts, but they were reticent on the subject of "poor old Franz!" as they called him.

"Does he live in the mill?" I asked.

"Ja, ja, Fräulein! There is one room above stairs—quite good enough for him!"

"And has he no relations?"

"Ach, nein! At least, we suppose they have died—better so!"

"And what does he find to do all the long, lone day?"

"Mein Fräulein—he prays! And well he may! Ach Gott—but it will need many a prayer to get him through the heavenly gates!"

That last remark, with its attendant shrug of the shoulders, excited my curiosity to the utmost, and made me determined to discover the mystery of poor old Franz, the miller.

Not till the September days had come, and my vacation was well-nigh at an end, did I succeed, however, and the following narrative, gathered from the old peasant "Frau," good-natured, garrulous,

Granny Grudl, was told me in so distressing a Tyrolean dialect and at such length, that I have found it no easy task to condense and translate into readable English.

It was forty years ago, or thereabouts, that a tall, good-looking fellow of some thirty years came from no-one-ever-found-out-where, and for a trifling rent hired the old mill, which even then was decaying, and in disuse.

Being a quiet, industrious, well-behaved man, he soon gained the respect of the villagers, and, though poor, he succeeded in winning the love of pretty Lisl, the village belle. They were married, and Lisl's few belongings were added to the simple furnishings of the mill.

She had but a bed and a few chairs, and a couple of heavy old chests, from the time of her great-grandmother, filled with household linen, much of which had been spun by Lisl herself during the long evenings of winter, when the sun sinks behind the Ritten at three of the afternoon, not to show his face again over the Gaislerspitz before ten next morning.

For a time all went apparently well in the humble home. The upper room had to serve as kitchen, bed-room, and parlour, but what cared Lisl so long as she had the love of her Franz—and passionately he did love his blooming young "Frau." And the mill clattering cheerily day after day kept the wolf from entering the lowly door.

Nearly a year had passed when the birth of little Marie brought fresh joy, and the peace which trips hand-in-hand with perfect contentment seemed to reign supreme. Then by slow degrees the cheek of pretty Lisl lost its pretty bloom, and by-and-by it became evident that a shadow was creeping across the sunshine of her life—so slowly though that it was long ere the neighbours took notice. Then they began to gossip among themselves, at first in a whisper, then louder and louder, till Lisl's godmother, the good Granny Grudl, took courage one day, and insisted that Lisl should tell her the trouble, that she might put an end to the gossip.

And when, at last, after urging much, the old dame gained her end, loudly and long laughed she, and then calling Lisl "one little fool," said,

"And who cares for an old wooden-box! Think you it contains dead bones? Open it, child! In 'Himmel's Namen' make it open! Then perhaps you once more can sleep!"

And that, indeed, was the whole of the trouble. Only a small painted chest, long and flat, which had always occupied a certain corner of the room, and served as a kneeling bench before the carved crucifix and sacred pictures which were fastened on the wall above, the "Holy Corner," such as may be found in every peasant home in the Tyrol.

When, on entering the mill as its mistress, Lisl had inquired as to the contents of this chest, Franz had replied quickly, "Oh, only old things, of no value to any one but myself. But, Lisl, Liebchen mein, on no account must the box be opened." And she had scarce given it another thought, till one night—it was a week before their first year of married life was completed—she awoke, and became conscious of a strange sound, like a suppressed sob. In the dim light of the moon she descried a figure—it was her faithful Franz—prostrate over the long-closed box, and the words that she heard were these: "Great God, forgive my grievous sin! Oh, holy Maria, mother of God, pray for me!" Then, clasping his arms convulsively about the chest, he groaned out, "Oh, my sacred, despised garments, so wickedly parted with this day, the eve of Michaeli, two years ago! Ach, would to God I had never seen my beloved—that I had not been so weak! Ach, barmherzige Maria! The frailty of man, that earthly love should conquer the heavenly! Ach, my poor dear, deceived darling!"

And Lisl lay in breathless suspense, afraid to move or speak. What great sin had her Franz—so good and true since known to her—in time long past committed? And what would she hear next? She listened with strained ears, but not another word came from the bowed penitent. He seemed lost in prayer till, the first faint streaks of dawn appearing, he arose, and descended to put his mill in motion.

During all that day Franz was abstracted and quiet, then gradually he grew more like himself, and things at the mill moved on peacefully for another year. But again on the eve of Michaeli, the 28th of September—a date which Lisl never could forget—the strange scene was re-enacted. A third year passed—another unhappy anniversary. A fourth came and went in like manner. Lisl was fast wasting away with the silent sorrow gnawing at her heart—was but the ghost of her former self—and Frau Grudl could keep her peace no longer.

"Nein, nein, godmother!" Lisl had said when advised to open the box. "Never, never! That I can never do. Franz has it forbidden."

But next day, when he had left home with a bag of meal in the "Kraksen" on his back which he was to carry to its owner some miles away, she could not resist following her godmother's advice. And what was the consequence? Ah, poor Lisl! Why did she yield to the temptation? Could she not have lived a happier life in ignorance of the contents of that mysterious chest?

When, after long exertions—longer far than they need have been had her fingers trembled less—the lid was raised, she gave a sigh of relief, and said, "Only an old brown overcoat, after all! And a shabby one it is too."

Then she lifted it, and spread it open on the floor. A look of horror came over her face as she noticed its long pointed hood; then, in feverish haste, she peered into the box. Ah! nothing left there but a pair of well-worn sandals and a piece of rope, knotted at the ends. But it was enough, with a deeply-drawn groan, she fell on the floor in a swoon.

How long she lay there she never knew. She was aware of nothing till a childish voice roused her.

"Mutter—Mutter! Are you ill? Ach, Mutterli, make open your eyes! Look once at your little Marie. Ach, Mutter, Mutter! Schau einmal!"

Wearily, with a strange, dull aching at her heart, did Lisl raise herself. Little three-year-old Marie was crouching beside her, and, gazing in round-eyed wonderment into the empty box, then at the things on the floor.

"What is it, Mutterli?"

"Ach, it is only old clothes, my child—and quickly must we put them back."

And, with a look of determination, she started up, and folding the ample garment, replaced it, together with sandals and rope, within; then took a bit of paper, on which she wrote a few lines, and, pinning it on to the coat, placed the cover over the box—but she did not nail it down. Next she gathered a few articles of clothing together, and packed them into a Kraksen; then, tying a dark kerchief about Marie's head and another over her own, said— "Come, Marie, my child—my all! We must hasten ourselves, we have far to go—a long, long journey to make! Come, Kindlein mein, for soon will black night be here!"

And, taking the little wondering maiden by the hand, Lisl, heart-broken Lisl, went from under the old mill's roof, slipped out through the low doorway, to re-enter nevermore.

Franz returned at nightfall. Up the hill with a bound, his heart as light as his basket, and his pocket weighed down with kreutzers. As he neared the mill, right cheerily he called—

"Lisl—Marie—I come! Make ready the Schmarn. Very hungry am I this night!"

But no Lisl answered, no Marie came joyously to meet him.

Franz entered the open door.

"What, not here? At Granny Grudl's, perhaps. Strange, though, to stay so late. But there, the old Frau does with the years more talkative grow. Freilich, I myself can scarce escape her."

So saying, he drew his account-book from his pocket, and began noting his little business of the day.

"Ah, but Frau Müller was generous for once! How Lisl and Marie will enjoy the fresh cheese! But seldom have they such a treat. And, more meal, two bags still to grind. So, work comes along, quite all that I can do. Gott sei Dank! soon will I have saved enough to buy our winter's wood. And Lisl, gute Frau, shall this year have a warm, new shawl. But how strange she comes not!"

Just then his eye fell on the box. "Why, it looks as though the lid was loose," and he stepped nearer to inspect. "Mein Gott im Himmel daroben! what—what has happened?" cried he, as the top came easily off, disclosing the folded paper.

With bated breath, his face of ashen hue, did he read these words:—

"Your sin has found you out, Franz. All—all is now clear—has at last been disclosed to me. Ach, why did not the holy Maria guard me—save me? Why did I not recognise in Franz the miller the monk of gentle voice—that holy Franciscaner who so earnestly and kindly blessed me as I served him with milk one night in the long ago? Lebewohl, Franz, no more may we two meet; and nay, the holy Muttergottes intercede for you, as will the heart-broken Lisl till her dying day!—LEBWOHL."

And this is the best I could make of Frau Grudl's long-drawn-out narrative. Lisl had never been heard of since the day after leaving home, when a few lines from her had been handed to Granny Grudl by a huntsman passing that way. She had explained the mystery, adding that it would be quite useless to seek her out, for she was going far away.

And Franz had lived on year after year, a bowed and sad-eyed man, shunning his neighbours, who looked askance at him, spending his time mostly in prayer, patiently hoping that, ere Death should claim him, he would have time to expiate his heavy offence.

What wonder that, after hearing this pathetic story, I looked with ever-increasing interest at the old mill as I passed it noon after noon? The time was drawing nigh when I must return to the city. It was the 28th of September, towards evening, that, as I walked across the meadow near the mill, I saw the poor old Franz slowly sauntering up and down the path with open Breviary in hand, from which he apparently read. Such was his wont towards set of sun, I had once been told. As the Ave Maria rang out, he removed his hat, dropped on his knees on the grass, and, crossing himself devoutly, recited his evening prayer. What a subject for an artist! The distant rocky heights of the grand old dolomites—glorious, many-hued, and just touched here and there with glowing, waning light to relieve the deepening shades; the gathering rifts of cloud against the paling sky; the shadows, ever elongating across the expanse of meadow; and, in the midst of Nature's soul-stirring sublimity, that lone and low-bowed figure.

He did not see me, for I loitered that I might not disturb him. Nor did he notice the stranger, a Sister of Charity, who was slowly nearing him. Searchingly she looked at him; and, when close beside him, she too dropped on her knees. She spoke but a word, then fell on his neck; and Franz—poor lone Franz!—clasped the stranger in a long embrace.

As they arose and turned towards the mill, I knew instinctively that the sweet-faced nun was the long-lost Marie. Next morn the stranger stood outside of the mill-door gazing up at the "holy Peter." I stopped and looked up too, then ventured to say, "Your father loves the 'heilige Petrus,' nicht wahr?"

She glanced at me in surprise, then remarked, with a sigh, "Now may 'der heilige Petrus' well come down. His work is at an end. My father is no more!" Then I noticed that her eyelids were red and swollen with weeping.

When she found that I knew her father's history, she was not unwilling to converse, so I drew her on, and learned that she and her mother had lived these many years in a convent some days' journey over the mountains. Only a week before, as Lisl lay on her death-bed, had she told Marie of her father, and made her promise to seek him as soon as she should be laid in her grave, and care for his declining years.

With the first glimpse of the little mill and that solitary figure had come the memory of "long ago," and Marie had instantly recognised both. But the great joy of the reunion had been too much for her poor old father. How eagerly had he questioned her about her mother and their life during the long years of separation, until she had been forced to bid him good night, and make her a bed on the mill floor below; and, weary after her five days' journey, she had slept till daybreak soundly. In the early morn, her father not answering her oft-repeated call, she had gone upstairs and found him prostrate, cold, and lifeless, with arms tightly clasped around the fateful box. His life had ebbed away while doing his wonted penance that eve of Michaeli!

"Listen!" she said. "Hear you the bells? Only the small ones, for we are too poor to pay for the great bells to be rung. What say they? Horch! 'To-morrow, early, will poor old Franz the Franciscaner be laid to rest.' Wishes the Fräulein to see him once more? Be it so, come then with me."

I followed her through the lowly doorway, up the steep, dark stair, with a deep feeling of awe and reverence. Her father was laid out on his bed, but it was no longer the careworn, sad-faced miller I beheld. A wonderful change had taken place. A calm, smiling Franciscaner monk lay there, so peaceful and dignified in his dingy robe of coarse brown cloth, sandals on his feet, a rope girdle about his body, and his hands folded over his breast clasping an old brown "Rosenkranz." Ah, could not those well-worn beads testify as to numberless Ave Marias and Paternosters repeated in faith unquenchable, a self-imposed, well-performed penance!

And early next morning I followed the funeral procession. As old Franz was laid away in the village churchyard, the sun cast his first rays over the Gaislerspitz, illumining the sweet, upturned face of the one gentle mourner, as with a radiance from Heaven. And I thought, "If the penitent Franz had not time sufficient to expiate his offence, if aught can still atone, it is not the prayers of these ascetic priests, not the smoke wandering heavenwards from the censor, not my humble offering of respect, the tolling of the deep-voiced bell, not the jingling of many lesser toned bells, not the offerings of the peasant-folk, the mechanical and monotonous turning and telling of countless consecrated beads; nay, can aught still be required, aught be of avail, I believe these all are of lesser import than the soulful intercessions of that one pure-hearted 'Barmherzige Schwester!'"

And as I passed the old mill for the last time that noon, my farewell apostrophe this:—

"Ay, my friend! Your working days are o'er 'tis true, but your days of usefulness are not yet near their close, I trust! The landscape needs you, and mankind would miss you sorely! Leave us not, dear old moss-grown mill! Remain in your desolate beauty, that the passing stranger may yet stop a-top of the hill and drink in the scene in all its charming completeness! Sadly incomplete were it indeed without the lone old mill!"

MARGARET B. RUDD

THE YOUNG POLAR BEAR

Was caught at Spitzbergen, and was sent to the Gardens *via* Aberdeen, arriving in London on July 2nd. It is eighteen weeks old, and has been presented to the Zoological Society by Mr. Arnold Pike. The little animal is about the size of an ordinary Newfoundland dog. It is not yet placed with the large bears, but is confined in a cage by itself. It is not permitted unlimited bathing, but is occasionally doused by its keeper with a bucket of water. On the voyage home "Lillimore," for so it has been named, was much teased by the ship-boys, and consequently has had its temper somewhat spoiled.

MRS. MAYBRICK'S STATEMENT

As we gave in our last week's issue a succinct summary of the progress and conclusion of this celebrated trial, it will be sufficient now to mention such particulars as will serve to elucidate the painful and dramatic incident which is here illustrated. When the Court re-assembled on the 5th inst. all the approaches were crowded, the ordinary sight-seers being reinforced by large detachments of Bank Holiday visitors from other places. The

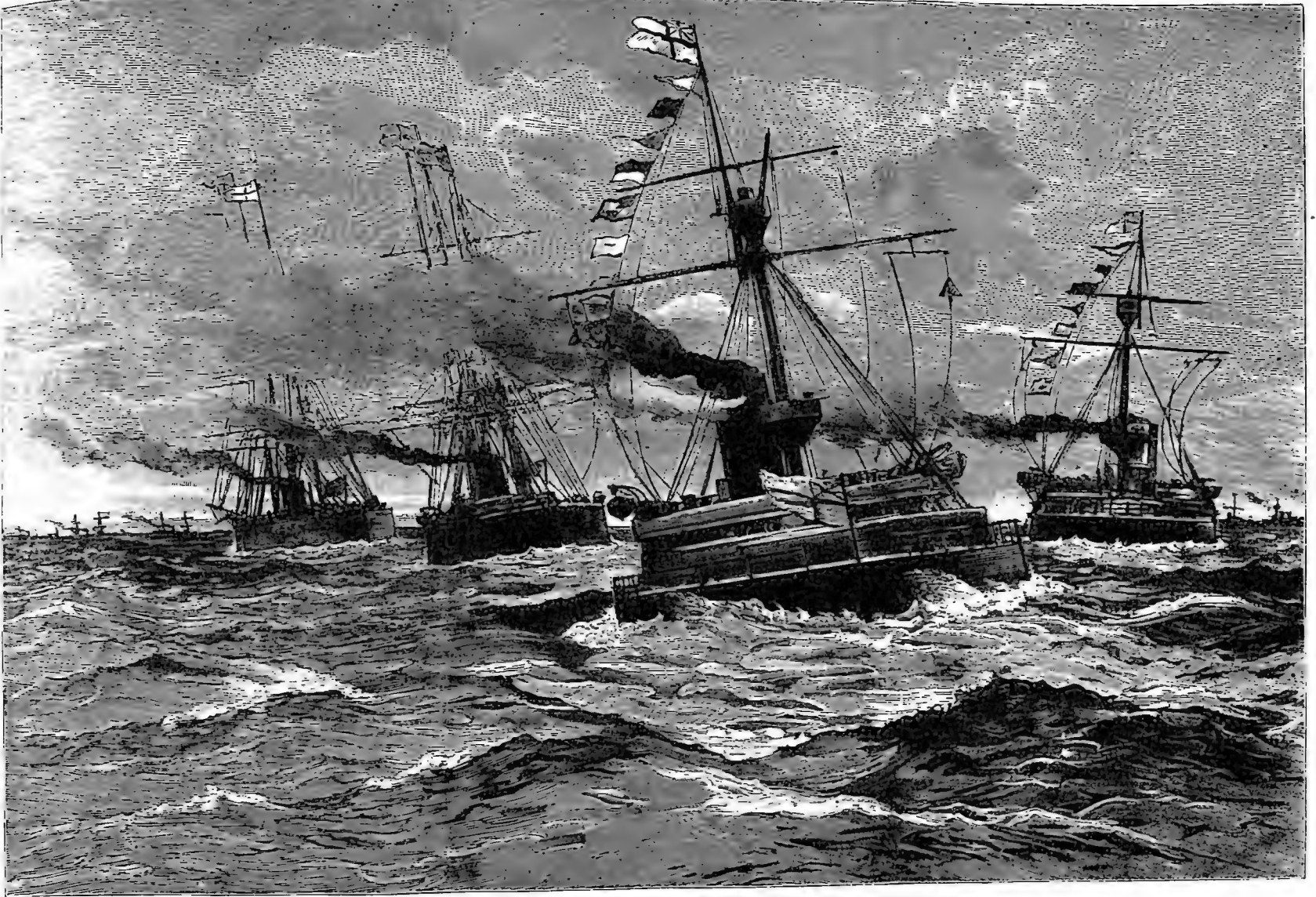


THE YOUNG POLAR BEAR "LILLIMORE" IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

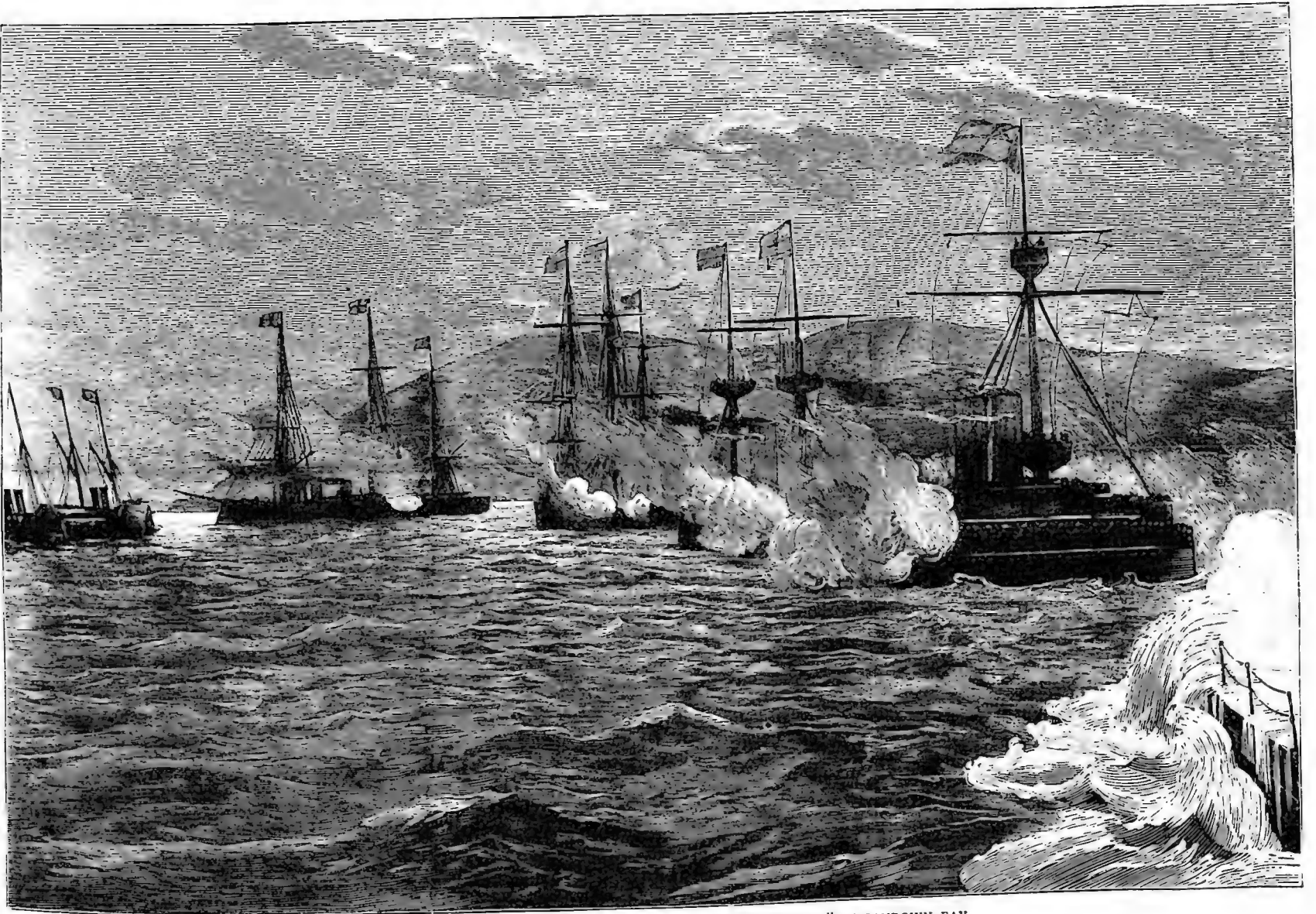
reason of the extra excitement was obvious. On the preceding Saturday Sir Charles Russell mentioned that Mrs. Maybrick desired to make a statement, and it was observed when she entered the dock that she carried some sheets of blue foolscap paper. The statement, however, was not made until a witness for the defence, Dr. Mac-Namara, had been examined. Then the prisoner, at a sign from Sir Charles Russell, rose. She had some difficulty in beginning, and clung to the front of the dock for several moments, swaying to and fro, endeavouring to restrain her tears. At last she began, in a voice broken with emotion. During the delivery of the statement Mr. Justice Stephen preserved the attitude here shown. Mrs. Maybrick wore long white cuffs, black gloves, and a thin veil. During most of the time her left hand was on the ledge below the rail, holding the statement. She did not read it, but spoke from memory. Thrice she paused, and buried her face in her handkerchief. Her last words were: "In conclusion, I only wish to say that for the love of our children and for the sake of their future, a perfect reconciliation had taken place between us, and that on the day before his death I made a full and free confession of the fearful wrong I had done him."



THE TRIAL OF MRS. MAYBRICK AT LIVERPOOL
MRS. MAYBRICK MAKING HER STATEMENT TO THE COURT



U.S.S. "HERCULES" LEADING THE "A" SQUADRON OUT OF SPITHEAD



DEPARTURE OF THE "A" SQUADRON:—SALUTING "THE OSBORNE" IN SANDOWN BAY

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES



FRANCE has been absorbed in the trial of General Boulanger. The disclosures made by the Public Prosecutor have implicated so many persons that party feeling runs very high, Republicans and Conservatives indulging in bitter recriminations. The majority of the latter party now regret supporting Boulangerism, nevertheless, the Reactionaries are so bent on weakening the Republic that they virtually countenanced the General by denying the High Court's jurisdiction, and withdrawing from the proceedings. Neither General Boulanger nor MM. Rochefort and Dillon appeared, but the trial was conducted with high state by the Senate in their absence. M. Quesnay de Beaupaire strengthened his indictment by a lengthy address including every possible fragment of evidence against the General—some, indeed, rather irrelevant—and after several stormy scenes the Senate constituted itself a High Court, and held the subsequent deliberations in private. The Senators of the Right having departed under protest that the Court was illegal, the Republican members declared almost unanimously that Gen. Boulanger was guilty of conspiracy, aided by MM. Rochefort and Dillon, and subsequently pronounced him guilty of high treason by 108 votes against 12, besides six abstentions. MM. Rochefort and Dillon's cases were dealt with subsequently, and the Court then discussed the penalties to be inflicted on the accused. As the members had to vote separately on each of the twenty-seven counts, the final judgment was not likely to be given before late last (Friday) night. No witnesses being called before the Court, the only means of contradicting the charges of the indictment is by denials in the public press, and the journals have teemed accordingly with indignant letters. Amongst the charges brought against General Boulanger those of embezzlement damage his cause most deeply, and, though he has written explaining the use he made of the money, public opinion cannot pardon the suspicion of dishonesty. The General's supporters in the public employ are being fast cleared out of office by the Ministry, who have also annulled General Boulanger's twelve elections to the Councils-General as illegal. Altogether, the Government are acting with much decision, and are applauded accordingly, but the true verdict of the country on the Cabinet *v.* Boulanger will only be delivered at the coming Parliamentary elections. The Orleanists have launched a small manifesto in a preface by the Comte de Paris to the letters of his father, the Duc d'Orléans, just published. The Comte tries to combine strong Clericalism with the support of modern Revolutionary theories so as to meet the needs of the times, but the effort is not very successful.

Meanwhile, PARIS continues her series of Exhibition *fêtes*, and is crowded by provincial and foreign visitors, so that her hotels and shopkeepers reap a rich harvest. The Shah has gone away delighted, declaring that the Exhibition "is a dream," and Mr. Edison is the latest lion, although he refuses to be *fêted*. Congresses abound, the Hygienic gathering being a great success, and the Parisians have been much excited over the opening of a Spanish Circus, where bull-fights are conducted in a so-called "merciful," but really horrible fashion.

GERMANY has given the Emperor of AUSTRIA fully as warm a reception as the recent greeting to King Humbert, although, owing to the Emperor's mourning, the festivities were much quieter. Notwithstanding all efforts to minimise the political importance of this meeting, the Germans and Austrians themselves feel that the bond of union between the two Empires has been firmly strengthened, and that the Triple Alliance is proportionately more secure. This feeling was the keynote of the two Sovereigns' speeches at the State banquet in the Schloss on Tuesday night, when Emperor William stated, "My people, as well as my army, will hold firm and true to the alliance which we have concluded; and the latter is well aware that, united with the valiant army of Austro-Hungary, it will have to stand up for the peace of our nations, and—should Providence will it so—to fight together for that end shoulder to shoulder." Emperor Francis Joseph replied that he drank to "the inseparable fraternisation and comradeship existing between the two brave armies, and to the increase and consolidation of the pledges of peace, redounding to the blessing and benefit of the allied States and their people as well as of all Europe." It is noted, moreover, that the Emperor brings with him his future successor, Archduke Franz Ferdinand—interpreted as a sign that the present alliance should be continued through future generations—and, further, that the Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs accompanies Count Kalnoky for the opportunity of conferring with Prince Bismarck. The Austrian Emperor has been especially cordial to the Chancellor and to Count Moltke, and on all sides nothing is heard but sentiments of most devoted friendship between the two peoples. The Berliners greeted their guest most enthusiastically, and he was entertained by the usual series of reviews, torchlight processions, banquets, and so forth, the parade of the Guards being especially grand. The only discord in the general chorus of approval comes from Russia, where the Austro-German alliance naturally meets with scant favour. Further, the Russians are aware that their Czar cannot expect such a cordial welcome on his arrival next Monday. Very little is announced about the arrangements, but a review and banquets will form the chief festivities, and at the close the German Emperor and Empress will accompany the Czar either to Kiel or Stettin to see the Czarina on her way to Denmark. Altogether Germany is in such a happy frame of mind with the world in general that the Press are still rejoicing over English kindness to the Emperor during his recent visit, which shows, so they declare, that Great Britain is closely bound to the German Empire, if not by written agreements. Under these circumstances, the Berlin Colonial Society abandoned the intended public demonstration against the British policy in East Africa. A terrible fire has devastated Sachsenberg, in Waldeck, half the town being destroyed.

The revolt in CRETE keeps all EASTERN EUROPE in agitation. TURKEY has at last made some effort to restore order by sending Chakir Pasha as Governor, armed with wide powers to grant reforms and satisfy the malcontents. Ironclads are also to be sent to Crete, and the Ottoman authorities seem inclined to act firmly. But the Porte was only roused to action by the energy of GREECE, where strong public sentiment obliged the Government to threaten undertaking the management of Cretan affairs if Turkey continued supine. Replying to the Greek request that the Powers should intervene, the various Governments declared that the Cretan Question was not an international matter, and should at present be left for Turkey to deal with, while they considered that the time was not opportune for Greece to interfere. It is plain enough that the Greek Government do not wish to cause complications by seizing Crete; but the Hellenes themselves, stirred up by the complaints of their Christian brethren and the refugees who pour into Greece, are trying to force the Ministry's hand. Should Greece take Crete, the Balkan States would have every excuse for asserting claims for various annexations; and, in the inflammable state of Eastern affairs, such a step would be highly

dangerous. As concerns the condition of Crete itself, news of conflict, murder, and general oppression comes from all parts of the island; but it is stated that the Christians, finding the conflict useless, are becoming more amenable to reason. SERBIA and BULGARIA watch the contest with much interest, but are busy celebrating respective dynastic anniversaries. Prince Ferdinand on Wednesday kept the second anniversary of his accession to the Bulgarian Throne, and his people justly congratulate themselves on the advance made under enormous difficulties. The day was observed with much festivity throughout the country, and Bulgaria's neighbours were somewhat alarmed by a report that she intended to declare her independence. On the same day King Alexander of Serbia kept his birthday, and the opportunity was taken for King Milan to institute an Order of Czar Lazarus—a militant decoration to commemorate the Battle of Kosovo, and which can only be worn by the Sovereign and his heir until the disgrace of Kosovo is retrieved. King Milan's presence in Serbia is far from improving the political situation, and there are signs that RUSSIA is preparing to exercise her influence against him and towards the return of Queen Natalie. The *Novoe Vremya* lately declared that she must be recalled to take her proper position as Queen Mother, as the present state of affairs cannot continue, with a discredited King intriguing and usurping authority. Queen Natalie herself refuses to accept the proffered interview with her son outside the kingdom, and declares that she will come to Belgrade next Thursday.

The insurgent movement in EGYPT seems perfectly quelled. Only a few straggling Dervishes are collected here and there, and are being fast driven southwards. The British troops have gone back to Cairo, and some of the black battalions to Suakin, while the Egyptian forces at the front are chiefly busy bringing in and succouring the wounded and starving Dervishes. These poor fanatics endured much misery, lying helpless on the river banks; but they are now well cared for, like the refugees, who are established in large camps at Korosko and Assouan. The Egyptian wounded are doing well, and all the troops are in good health and spirits, being much delighted by the Queen's complimentary message. General Grenfell received the news of his promotion as Major-General, "for distinguished service on the field," when he arrived at Wady Halfa to review Colonel Wodehouse's column. He then addressed the column, thanking the officers for their assistance, and called to the front numerous soldiers who had distinguished themselves. For the present Colonel Wodehouse will retain a strong detachment at Wady Halfa, with an advance-guard at Matuka, while the railway is to be re-laid as far as Sarra, in case of need. The country is quite quiet, however, and the people hope that peace will be maintained now that Wad-el-Njumi is dead. He was the Khalifa's right hand, and commanded both the force which annihilated Hicks Pasha's expedition and the Dervishes who seized Khartoum. Another notorious leader has been caught and shot—Abou-el-Yezed, an Egyptian ex-railway official, who deserted, and commanded several Dervish raids.

INDIA is busy organising the Lushai Expedition, which starts directly the rainy season closes. The Chin field-force will join the Lushai column, moving from Burma, and the combined troops are intended to open up the country between India and Burma, and to reduce the frontier tribes to subjection. Meanwhile the Lushai chief threatens to raid into British territory. Altogether frontier affairs are very prominent. The Gilgit Political Agency has been formally established, and the Cashmere Rifles installed as garrison, while the Sikkim-Tibet negotiations have definitively failed, the Chinese Ampa refusing to relinquish his Government's claim of suzerainty over Sikkim. Unless, therefore, the Tibetans attempt fresh raids the Indian Government will do nothing further beyond keeping a small garrison at Gnatong. News from the famine districts continues more satisfactory. Ganjam is fast improving, North Behar is also recovering, though hampered by the damage caused by recent floods, and in Orissa the distress will be over by November. The Government are anxious to raise the educational standard throughout the Empire, and will shortly issue suggestions for sweeping reforms. In BURMA France has tacitly acknowledged her loss of influence since the British annexation by abolishing her Consulate at Mandalay. AFGHANISTAN is troubled by a rumour that Ayoub Khan has escaped across the frontier. Abdurrahman is said to have been shot at by a soldier, who only, however, wounded him in the hand.

In the UNITED STATES the excitement respecting the seizure of British sealers has suddenly cooled down. Public opinion set so strongly against the Government action that there has been no repetition of the attempt, and the difficulty promises to be settled satisfactorily. Politicians are making holiday, and the Cronin case continues the only topic of interest. Martin Burke has been formally arraigned at Chicago, where his plea of "not guilty" has been met by the owner of the cottage where Cronin was murdered distinctly identifying the accused as the man Williams who hired the cottage. New Yorkers are determined to make the proposed 1892 Exhibition a brilliant success, and have already organised four Committees of twenty-five members for the preliminary arrangements.

MISCELLANEOUS.—ITALY sincerely mourns Signor Cairoli, the eminent statesman, who has died at the age of sixty-three. He was genuinely popular through his efforts for Italian Independence, and his political uprightness, and his funeral—conducted at State expense—was attended by crowds from all parts of the country. The King and Queen paid high tribute to his memory in their messages of condolence to his widow. King Humbert is inspecting the coast defences.—AUSTRIA will now entertain the Shah, who is expected at Vienna next Friday, and will witness the Army Manoeuvres in Galicia. Meanwhile His Majesty has been at Baden-Baden and Stuttgart.—In SWITZERLAND the Vintage Festival at Vevey is a great success. So many persons attended that the performances had to be repeated, while there will be a handsome surplus.—The efforts of WESTERN AUSTRALIA to obtain self-Government are warmly seconded by the other colonies. The Parliaments of New South Wales, South Australia, Queensland, and Tasmania have voted addresses to the Queen, supporting the appeal.—HAWAII has been agitated by a small insurrection. A party of malcontents, headed by a half-caste named Wilcox, seized the Palace at Honolulu in the King's absence, and were only dislodged after a smart struggle with the Government troops. They wished King Kalakaua to resign in favour of the Princess Liliuokalani, heiress to the Throne. Order was soon restored, but six of the rebels were killed.



THE QUEEN leaves Osborne for North Wales next Thursday. Every preparation is being made to give Her Majesty a warm Welsh welcome, and Wrexham will greet the Royal party with exceptional festivity on the 24th inst. The Queen, and Prince and Princess Henry, arrive at Palé Hall, their temporary residence, on the 23rd, and go next day to Wrexham, where they will be enter-

tained by national choral singing from a picked choir of five hundred voices. On Monday Her Majesty visits Sir Theodore Martin, at Bryntysilio, going through the Vale of Llangollen, and driving back to Palé Hall through Corwen. Even the remote villages through which the Royal party pass will be gaily decorated. The Queen leaves Wales for Balmoral on Tuesday, and the first Scotch engagements is to attend the Braemar gathering at New Mar Lodge, as the guest of her grand-daughter, Princess Louise of Wales, and the Duke of Fife. Her Majesty has remained very quietly in the Isle of Wight since the German Emperor's departure. Prince and Princess Christian left immediately afterwards, and Princess Louise and Lord Lorne spent Saturday with the Queen, whilst Prince and Princess Henry went over to Southampton to lay the foundation-stone of the new headquarters of the Gordon Boys' Brigade. The Prince and Princess visited the Ordnance Office, and had tea with Miss Gordon before returning to Osborne, in time to meet Prince and Princess Hermann, and Princess Pauline of Saxe-Weimar, Lord and Lady Colville of Culross, Lord Alcester, and Commander Poore at dinner. Next morning Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Rev. Canon Capel Cure preached, the Canon joining the Royal dinner party in the evening, together with Princess Louise and Lord Lorne. The Prince and Princess of Wales and daughters also lunched with Her Majesty, to take leave on departing for the Continent. On Monday Princess Alix of Hesse arrived to accompany the Queen to Scotland, and in the evening Lady Dudley, Mr. and Mrs. Standish, and the Baron de la Charette dined at Osborne.

The Prince of Wales has been suffering from a swollen vein in his leg, which prevented him from much walking or riding. He was sufficiently recovered, however, to accompany the Princess and daughters on Saturday afternoon to a garden-party at Northwood Park, Cowes, in aid of Trinity Church Organ Fund. On Sunday the Royal party attended Divine Service on board their yacht. They left Cowes on Monday for town, where Princess Louise and the Duke of Fife dined with the Prince and Princess, the whole party afterwards going to the Savoy Theatre. On Tuesday the Prince started for the Continent, crossing the Channel to Calais, whence he went to Homburg, for a three weeks' course of the waters. He stays at the Villa Imperial. The Princess and daughters returned to Cowes on Wednesday, and later on will leave England for Fredensborg Castle, near Copenhagen, to stay with the Danish Royal Family. They will ultimately be joined by the Prince, after he has enjoyed a few days' shooting with the German Emperor. He will also go to New Mar Lodge for a fortnight's visit to his daughter and son-in-law, the Duke and Duchess of Fife. The Duke and Duchess left Sheen for Scotland on Tuesday, after spending a few days privately at Eastbourne with the Duke's cousin, Mr. Farquhar. Prince Albert Victor is also in Scotland, staying with Mr. Mackenzie at Glen Muick. It is confidently stated that the Princess Victoria of Wales is engaged to the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. The Prince is an only son, and twenty-six years of age, five years older than his *fiancée*. He is closely related to the British Royal Family, and possesses large estates in Wurtemberg and Saxe-Coburg Gotha.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have rejoined their children at Coburg. They left Russia at the end of last week, and travelled through Berlin without stopping to visit the Imperial Family. Prince and Princess Christian also go to Germany shortly.—The Empress Frederick and her daughters have much enjoyed their visit to Homburg, where the Princess Sophie's *fiancé*, the Greek Crown Prince, has also been staying. A grand *fête* was given in honour of the Prince's birthday, when the town was illuminated and fireworks were displayed, including a special device of the Greek Crown and Cross, with the Prince and Princess's initials, and a Greek inscription, "Long may they live."



ENGLISH OPERA.—The provincial company directed by Mr. J. W. Turner concluded a fortnight's engagement at the Princess's Theatre last Saturday. It would be hardly fair to criticise the performances from the metropolitan point of view, as the company, although it includes some very fair singers, scarcely pretends to the standard of vocal excellence aimed at in London opera houses. The works performed have included *The Bohemian Girl*, *Maritana*, *The Lily of Killarney*, *Fra Diavolo*, and, by way of quasi-novelty, the late Sir George Macfarren's *Robin Hood*. The last-named work was originally produced at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1860, and was revived a few months ago at the Standard Theatre. In style it more closely resembles what we now know as comic than grand opera. At the Princess's the ballads, with which it is freely provided, were not altogether appreciated, and even that once popular song, "My Own, My Guiding Star," passed almost without a hand. It is in the concerted music and the orchestration that Sir George Macfarren showed himself at his best, and in the first act and again in the Nottingham Fair scene in the second, he successfully endeavoured to impart to the opera a genuine English flavour. The libretto is, however, feeble, and before the work could be revived for a run the book would undoubtedly have to be revised. The production of *Robin Hood*, however, was a matter of no little interest to those who desire to know the sort of thing which the generation of thirty years ago made popular.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The Promenade Concert season opened at Covent Garden, on Saturday, before one of the largest audiences ever assembled in this theatre. The crush was no doubt in great part due to the fact that the director had issued for a guinea books containing sixty transferable shilling admissions, thus reducing the charge to practically a fraction over fourpence a head. Tickets torn from these books were freely sold in the neighbourhood of the theatre at about sixpence apiece. The house has been freshly decorated, the stage being arranged as a sort of Persian pavilion, affording at the rear a bird's-eye view of the Eiffel Tower. The orchestra engaged is practically the same as last season, save that Mr. Carrodus was replaced by Mr. Frye Parker, and Signor Arditi has now succeeded Mr. Gwyllyn Crowe as conductor. The programme on Saturday night was of a miscellaneous character, comprising a movement from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, a large number of songs sung by Miss Nikita, Madame Fremelli, Messrs. Piercy and Foli, operatic selections, and dance music. On Wednesday the first classical concert was announced, with Mr. Arthur Friedheim as pianist, and Mdlles. Colombati and Tremelli and Mr. Piercy as vocalists. The programme included Beethoven's "Leonora No. 3" overture, and Mozart's symphony in G minor.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE CONCERTS.—The arrangements are now complete for the opening of the Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday next. During the recess the house has been entirely transformed. The auditorium now reproduces a street in an old English town of the sixteenth century, the walls being carried up to the gallery, while through a medieval gate and portcullis, which replace the proscenium, is a charming Elizabethan country view. There are latticed windows to all of the

private boxes, and round the stall area are arranged mediaeval shops where tea and coffee, flowers, gloves, and other light articles are vendid. A diminutive waterfall gives an appearance of coolness, and a well containing an organ, and an old church steeple with a peal of bells have been erected. We have already announced the list of artists engaged, but it should be added that Mr. Michael Maybrick has for the present withdrawn his name from the company. Signor Devignani will conduct the orchestra, which will consist of one hundred players.

"BETHANY."—From an advance copy with which we have been favoured, some idea can be gained of the church cantata, *The Last Night at Bethany*, which Mr. C. Lee Williams, the Festival conductor, has composed as the principal novelty for the Three Choirs Festival, to be held at Gloucester little more than a fortnight hence. Sebastian Bach, as we all know, wrote a large number of these church cantatas in which certain texts from Scripture, often forming a continuous narrative, were given out by a narrator, comments and reflections upon the subject matter being provided by soloists and chorus. This, in a slightly modified form, is the basis of Mr. Lee Williams' *Bethany*, the words for which have been provided by Mr. Joseph Bennett, the whole work manifestly, and, indeed, awfully, being intended for church rather than for concert purposes. *Bethany* opens with a brief orchestral introduction, and a chorus:—

chorus:—
Sweet Lord and Saviour, come,
Without Thee life nor light
Hath this poor world;

followed by a recitative in which the Saviour calls all who will to the heavenly supper, an invitation to which the chorus respond in an admirable chorale. The narrative proper then begins. It consists of four texts, all taken from the twelfth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. In the first we have a brief account of the supper at Bethany, shortly after Lazarus has been raised from the dead. Then we have a beautiful tenor solo (to be sung by Mr. Lloyd) in which the disciple prays that he may partake of the Supper of the Lamb, followed without break by a chorus in which the subject is enlarged upon. This section closes with a fine hymn, the words of which are apparently borrowed from the well-known lines of the Rev. Dr. J. M. Neale, to be sung by the quartet of soloists and chorus. The narrative of the anointing of the Saviour's feet and the devotion of the ointment to the feet of the Saviour leads to the devotional soprano solo of Mary Magdalene, to be sung at Gloucester by Madame Albani; Iscariot's inquiry, "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence?" and a Mendelssohnian eight-part chorus, "O Man of Sorrows." With the release by the Saviour and another chorus of a hymn-like character the first section and the story itself ends.

The last section is more dramatic. It opens with an orchestral interlude descriptive of the sleep of Our Lord, amidst which a quartet of angels softly sing, "For so He giveth His beloved sleep." This leads to a very elaborate final chorus, which maintains its devotional character until the triumphant Resurrection is reached, when it becomes more animated. Towards the end of this movement Mr. Lee Williams makes use of a phrase from an ancient plain song of the Church, and last of all the trombones give out four bars from the old Easter Hymn.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Mr. F. H. Cowen is putting the finishing touch to his new cantata, the subject of which deals with one of the numerous superstitions identified with the Eve of St. John's Day.—The celebrated organist, Mr. W. T. Best, of Liverpool, who has long been ill, is now reported convalescent.—Dr. A. C. Mackenzie is in Scotland, finishing his violin suite (for Señor Sarasate and the Leeds Festival), entitled *The Pibroch*, which consists of a "Rhapsody," a "Caprice," and a Scottish "Reel."—The death is announced of Mr. R. A. Atkins, for fifty-five years organist of St. Asaph's Cathedral. He was seventy-eight, and is said to have been the "father" of English organists.—It is again reported that Sir Arthur Sullivan contemplates a serious English opera to a libretto by Mr. Julian Sturges, and intended for Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue.



THE EXCITEMENT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, "God's splendour!" may well be applied to the skies during the past week of unsettled weather. Piles of white cumulus clouds, magnificently floating against a light azure background, have constituted a display seldom seen in this country. Camps of painters round our coasts have revelled in the frequent spectacle, which, however, could scarcely be seen anywhere better than from our London bridges, or from the level reaches of the Upper Thames. People might be seen gazing at the clouds, much as do a crowd looking after a balloon: the sight was grand enough to attract general observation.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Gold medals, as *souvenirs* of the late Windsor Show, have been voted to the Lord Mayor, to Mr. Walter Gilbey, the Chairman of the Show Committee, and to Mr. Ernest Clarke, the Secretary, for the part they took in promoting the Exhibition. The Mansion House fund rose to a total of £517*l.*, and this formed a handsome municipal contribution to a great national undertaking, of which much of the success attending it must be ascribed to Mr. Walter Gilbey, as his colleagues will readily acknowledge.

AMONG THE NEW MACHINES EXHIBITED AT WINDSOR was one which separated cream from milk, and converted it into butter whilst the observer looked on and waited! In a few minutes, by passing air through the cream, globules of butter were produced, and became available for the breakfast-table. That the process was successful we know; but the experts who inspected the working re-erred their opinions as to the economy of the system, as compared with the old churn-system and the dairy plainishings of daintily-clean setting pans.—A writer in the *Oxford Journal* refers to a recent trial of another method, which is employed in Australia. Three strong glass vessels were provided with sufficient cream to make eighty pounds of butter. Water, purified by some unknown substance, was made to force air into each of the glass vessels near the bottom, and, rising through the cream, to carry the butter globules to the top, separated from the buttermilk below.

is good. Some dozen years ago Mr. Richardson, author of "The Corn and Cattle-Producing Districts of France," established a business at Chartres—the centre of a great corn area—and introduced the best sorts of English barley for seed, notably the "Chevallier," which, curiously enough, had been grown and bred to perfection by M. Chevallier, a French farmer for some two or three generations in our eastern counties. Thanks to the efforts of Mr. Richardson and his sons, the crop of barley in France is now of much better quality than it was twenty years ago; and this season in Auvergne, Sarthe, and other Departments there is fair promise of a good yield, and of, says *Le Fermier*, quality "irreproachable."

VEGETABLE MARROWS—in former times scorned as food, and called by rustics gourds, or pumpkins—have become, like the similarly-neglected rhubarb-plant, a very important article of diet—

healthful, cheap, and abundant. Of course, skilful cultivation has much improved vegetable marrows, the best varieties have been selected, and crops grown in the open air are now affording the tables of rich and poor alike a delicious vegetable, that makes an agreeable change to the ever-present potato, and other dishes that are always with us. Farmers having warm headlands to their fields, by giving them garden cultivation, may often from vegetable marrows get a money-return equal to that of the corn-crop of the rest of the field.

SHEEP SALES in the past week have been numerous and well attended. The Oxfordshire Down rams of Mr. Treadwell made 957*l.* 12*s.*, the average being 15*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.* At Mr. Ellis's sale, Summersbury, Guildford, a South Down ram made 76 guineas. At Mr. Henry Brassey's sale, Aylesford, near Maidstone, 245 ewes made 53*s.* 8*d.* each, 27 rams, 18*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* each, the breed being South Down. The ewes of this fine flock, at the price, must be reckoned cheap. Rams of other breeds, as the Hampshire Downs and the Cotswold, have also in favourite districts been sold, or let for the season, at remunerative—even high prices. The markets for sheep for the butcher have lately advanced prices 6*s.* to 10*s.* per head, although green keep is plentiful, and the root crops promise to be as good as the hay harvest has been.

WITH SOME DISEASE existing among potatoes, yet the out-turn is expected to be decidedly above an average.

THE HOP-GARDENS are falling away seriously from their June promise, abroad and at home. Many growers do not now look for more than half a crop, as the season is too late to repair the damages done by insects, wet, birds, mould, and other evils attendant on the cultivation of hops.

VETERINARY SURGEONS sometimes have very difficult cases attended with great danger when horses and other strong animals are vicious or maddened with pain. But it is not often our horse-doctors have to show their nerve and skill as did a colleague last week at Vouziers, who undertook to draw a lion's tooth, which he did successfully, through the bars of the cage, wherein six men controlled the king of beasts, which was strapped to the floor, and had a big wooden log kept between his jaws. It may be hoped the surgeon's fee was a good one.

THIS WEEK, in MARK LANE, several new samples of wheat have been shown, some being handsome and well-grown. Red sorts were offered at 35s. to 37s. per qr., white samples at 36s., 38s., but these terms are considered to apply only to special supplies, as threshing out has not been commenced in a general way. Much wheat is cut and standing exposed to the changes of the weather, and is not dry enough to be stacked, nor can it be threshed in the fields.

IN HORSEBREEDING, it is stated from established records that "disease of the eye" is hereditary nine times out of ten when the sire is diseased. When the mare is diseased the produce is also found to suffer. An instance is given of a mare's first four colts being free, as was the dam at the time of their birth, whilst four other colts, dropped after the dam became diseased, all went completely blind.

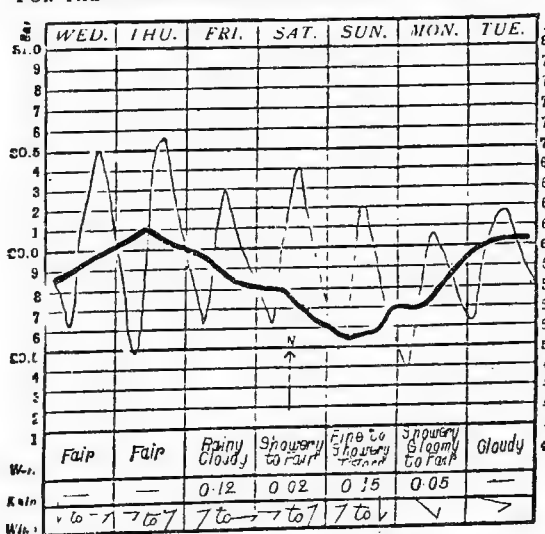
WHILST THE GAME SEASON began on Monday, "The Twelfth," amongst grouse, the sportsmen of France commence their shooting on the 18th of August, in the First Zone, and on the 25th in the Second Zone, which includes the Seine Department. This is evidence of the harvest clearance in France, and by inference we may expect our cornfields to be cleared by September 1st.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL have put their foot down on the County Council in respect to dog regulations by appointing Major Tennant travelling inspector, with powers to enforce the muzzling orders as a protection against rabies. Clearly the Privy Council itself declined to be muzzled by the local authorities.

COUNTY COUNCIL-ALDERMAN "TOM DUCKHAM" is again reminding our Established Churchmen and others in their Harvest Thanksgiving Services to remember the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Society. This disposition of the funds collected was first advocated in these columns years ago, as it is now, for the agricultural poor are always with us!

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1889.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (13th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Taken as a whole the weather of the past week has again been of an unseasonable character, rain falling daily at the majority of our stations, with low temperatures generally. The commencement of the time a depression was lying over Norway, while a high pressure system was found over France, the intervening grounds being of moderate steepness for North-Westerly breezes. Cloudy, showery weather prevailed in the North, while fine conditions were experienced over the Southern half of the United Kingdom. Thunderstorms occurred both on our North-West and North-East Coasts. After Thursday (8th inst.) pressure became very unsteady in the North and West for a time; somewhat shallow depressions appearing in those regions, producing South-Westerly winds in most places, and very showery unsettled conditions generally. By Sunday (11th inst.) a large area of low pressure extended from the East Coasts of Ireland to Denmark, while subsequently the extended form of the barometer were found in the extreme East of our archipelago, and lowest values off the West or South West of our Islands. Moderate Northerly or Westerly breezes were felt generally, with showers in many places, and heavy rain on our North-East Coasts. The sky remained cloudy or overcast during the greater part of the country, thunderstorms were reported in the east over the Northern coast of England, and temperature fell below average. A south-west o' Ireland and over the Eastern portion of England, and temperate conditions continued to rule low generally. If we except one or two extremes Northern stations, temperature shows a decided falling-off from the average, the deficit as much as some places in the South and East (including London), being as much as four to five degrees. The highest daily maxima have slightly exceeded 70° at a few inland English Stations.

The temperature was highest (71°) on Thursday (8th inst.); lowest (48°) on Monday (12th inst.); range 23°.



THE POPE is said to have secretly left the Vatican for twenty-four hours last week. He went to Carpineto to see a dying brother, and travelled to and fro by night with the utmost precautions to conceal his identity.

THE SWISS EIFFEL TOWER on the Eschenberg, near Winterthur, has just been inaugurated. It is one hundred feet high, and commands a magnificent Alpine panorama, reaching as far as Lake Constance. The Swiss claim that the "Little Eiffel" is above its big model, as the elevation of its site so much exceeds that of the Paris tower.

A BRITISH AGRICULTURAL SETTLEMENT will shortly be organised in Cashmere. Several officers have applied to Government for leave to take up certain lands, and intend to buy a nullah with all the forest and other rights, so as to carry on sheep-raising, and similar farming pursuits.

WILLIAM TELL is still as honoured by the Switzers as if no doubt had ever been cast on his existence. A grand Tell monument is to be erected by public subscription at Altdorf, near Flüelen, on Lake Lucerne, where the patriot hero shot the apple off his son's head. The Federal Council have promised a handsome contribution.

ANOTHER SUNDAY ART EXHIBITION FOR THE PEOPLE was provided last Sunday by the Duke of Westminster, at Grosvenor House. Over one thousand two hundred persons were admitted by ticket to view the Duke's collection of pictures and other Art-treasures. As all the applicants could not be admitted, Grosvenor House will be open again next Sunday.

THE CHANNEL TRAFFIC of late has been enormous, owing chiefly to the Paris Exhibition. Last month alone 82,124 persons crossed *via* Dover, Folkestone, and Dieppe, and throughout the year the numbers have been much above the average—307,000 passengers in seven months, or 86,600 more than in the same period of 1888. The large numbers ever recorded in one week—between 15,000 and 16,000—crossed the week before last from Dover, whence the pressure was so great on the Saturday before the Bank Holiday that four mail-boats were sent across at night instead of one.

COURBER's "RÉMISE DES CHEVREUILS," another of the treasures of the modern French School dispersed at the Sécrotan Sale, has been secured for the French nation. M. Antonin Proust bought this work conditionally with the "Angelus," and the American Art Association were ready to take it if the French could not find the funds. However, a Parisian syndicate have subscribed 2,960⁰⁰., leaving only a balance of 192⁰⁰. to be provided, so M. Proust concluded the purchase. The picture will be shown in the Centenary Art Section of the Paris Exhibition, before being hung finally in the Louvre.

THE ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY kept its fiftieth birthday last Saturday. This Jubilee year has been the most successful ever enjoyed by the Gardens, the collections, income, and number of visitors having increased to a large extent. Twenty-five years ago, 163 persons were studying in the Gardens, but this year the students numbered 744, while 42,000 specimens of plants and flowers have been distributed for study in various colleges, hospitals, &c. Valuable additions have been made to the collections of medicinal, economic, and interesting plants, which are now better arranged, and have more room. The total income of the Gardens this year reaches 7,378*l.*—2,000*l.* more than last year—of which over 4,000*l.* comes from the various *fêtes* and Exhibitions. The Floral Parade, for example, brought in 1,663*l.*, as 7,956 visitors were recorded. Fully 5,000*l.* worth of flowers were shown in the Gardens during the Fête.

THE POSTPONEMENT of the late British Naval Review from Saturday till Monday has caused a regular storm in Germany. An excursion from Bremen to the British Channel was organised for the occasion by the North German Lloyd, and hundreds of people came from all parts of the Empire to join one of the finest Lloyd steamers. The voyage was pleasant, and the passengers enjoyed themselves thoroughly till they learnt that the inspection was deferred. Then the captain declared that he could not wait till the Monday, as his vessel was due at Bremen to undertake her regular service. So the steamer went home forthwith, in spite of furious protests from the passengers, who were defrauded of the sight for which they had paid heavily. An action for breach of contract will be brought against the Lloyd Company, and as Count William Bismarck, younger son of the Chancellor, was one of the disappointed, the passengers hope that their complaints will not be in vain.

A FINE NEW NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM was opened in Vienna on Sunday—the largest building of the kind on the Continent. It stands in the square facing the Ring-Strasse, and opposite the Burg Palace, while close by is the handsome new Art Museum, which will shortly be completed. The Natural History Museum has been built by the Emperor at his own cost, to contain the Imperial collections, hitherto scattered about the different palaces and other Government buildings. It is a rectangular structure, with massive front, terminated by a marble balustrade and lofty cupola, above which rises a statue of Helios. Figures and medallion portraits of distinguished naturalists and mythological groups ornament the exterior. Inside, the edifice is quite as handsome, with a splendid marble staircase, artistic fresco-paintings, and innumerable statues. There are forty-three galleries, occupying four storeys. The ground floor is devoted to apartments for the officials and for preparing the objects in the collection; above, are the mineral, geological, pre-historical, and ethnographical sections; the next floor contains exceptionally lofty rooms for animal specimens; while at the top is a fine anthropological department, including thousands of skulls and skeletons of all races. The sporting trophies collected by Crown-Prince Rudolph are also displayed, and the various sections are admirably arranged in the most practical and artistic fashion. The Austrian Imperial Family have been energetic collectors ever since 1748, when the Emperor Francis I. bought a fine collection of minerals from the Florentine, Baillou, and made him Director of the Museum.

LONDON MORTALITY continues low. The death-rate has been steadily going down for the last month, till it fell last week to 16·4 per 1,000. During the last two weeks the deaths have numbered respectively 1,532 and 1,365, being a decrease of 21 and 167, and at the rate of 188 and 290 below the average. The cooler weather has diminished the fatalities from diarrhoea and dysentery, which fell to 199 and 175 (a decline of 72 and 24), besides 4 each week from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea. Diphtheria, however, is very prevalent and the deaths reached 45 in the first week—the highest number recorded this year, and 32 above the average—but fell last week to 28. There were 25 and 15 deaths from measles (a rise of 5 and fall of 10), 22 and 19 from whooping-cough (an increase of 3 and decrease of 3), 11 and 16 from scarlet fever (advances of 5 in each week), 8 and 6 from enteric fever (a decline of 2 last week), and 1 last week from an ill-defined form of fever. Last week, also, 65 deaths occurred from violence, of which 53 resulted from negligence or accident. The births registered were 2,481 and 2,180, a decrease of 255 and 301, and being 125 and 501 below the usual return.



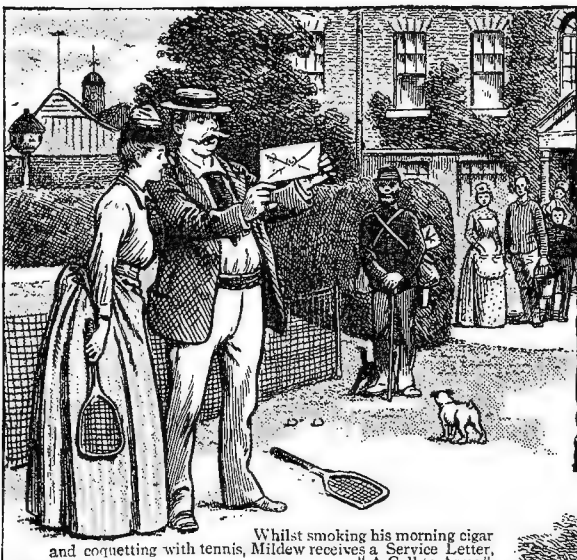
GEORGE WYNDHAM, ESQ.
New Conservative M.P. for Dover



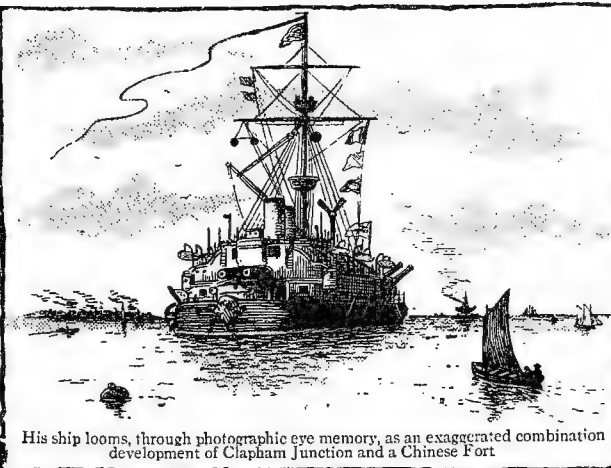
DEPUTY SURGEON-GENERAL FRANCIS DAY
Died July 10, 1889. Aged 60



SIR WILLIAM ROBINSON, K.C.M.G.
Governor of Trinidad



Whilst smoking his morning cigar
and conning with tennis, Mildew receives a Service Letter,
A Call to Arms.



His ship looms, through photographic eye memory, as an exaggerated combination
development of Clapham Junction and a Chinese Fort



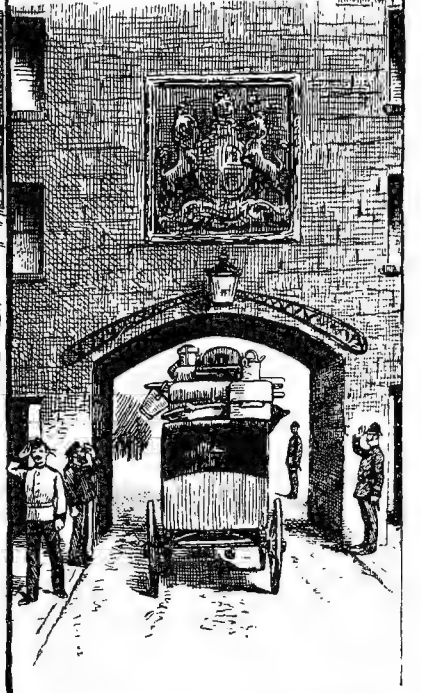
Five months' unalloyed bliss has caused a jealous ex-
trangement between him and his full dress Coat:
"How it must have shrunk!" observes the judicious
Mrs. M.



The Service permitting
only "mutton chop
adornment," or the
short beard and mous-
tach: — he suffers thence



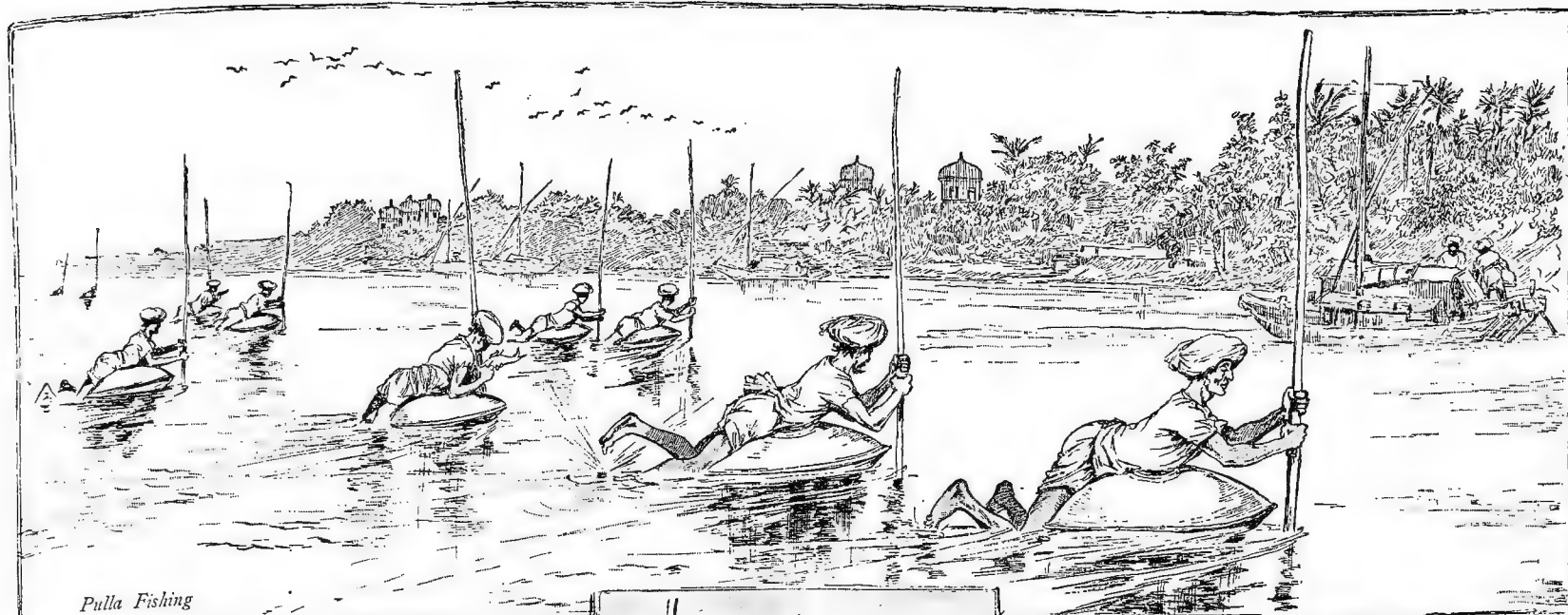
He endures a well-intentioned platform farewell demonstration: he neither likes it, nor would
he, such is human frailty, like to go forth without notice



We temporarily leave him, with our best wishes (in-
cluding a possible Iron Cross) in a cab, surmounted
by mixed luggage, Pail, Crooked Hat, Bash, Sword,
&c., at the gates of Clapham Dockyard

From the fact of Mildew being married he feels bound
to be economical: he borrows Crawley's (Coast
Guard) Coat, and Hood's Epaulettes. It is fortunate
he looked at the latter, as, instead of springs,
they are old fashioned "tie-ons"

"CALLED OUT FOR SERVICE"
THE TRIBULATIONS OF AN OFFICER OF THE NAVAL RESERVE



Pulla Fishing



A Kill

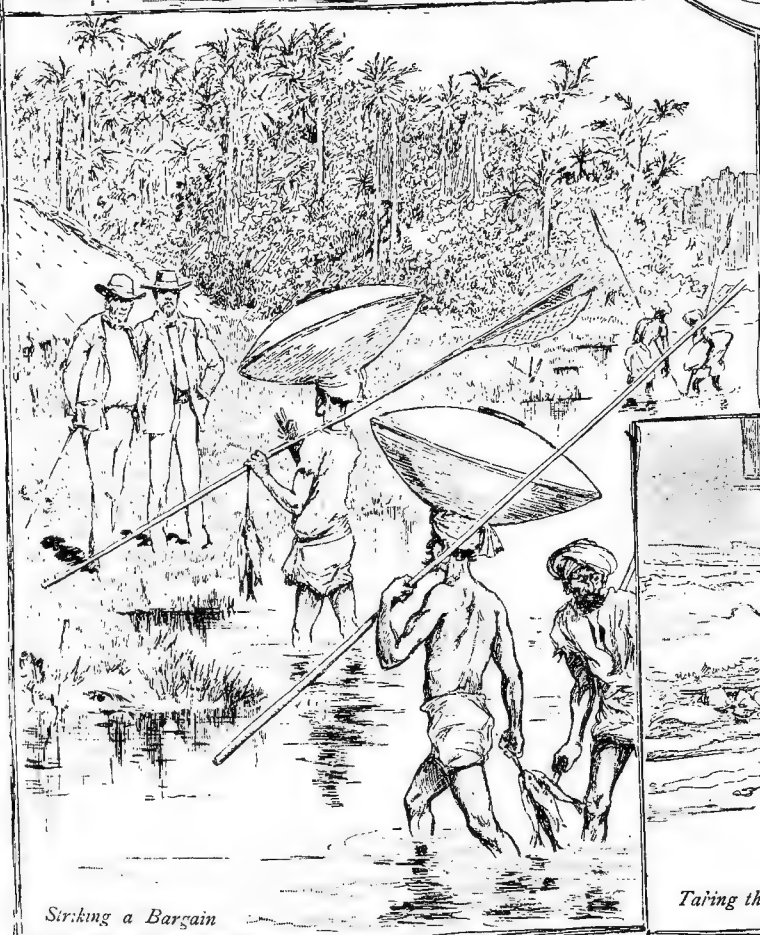


Shabash!!

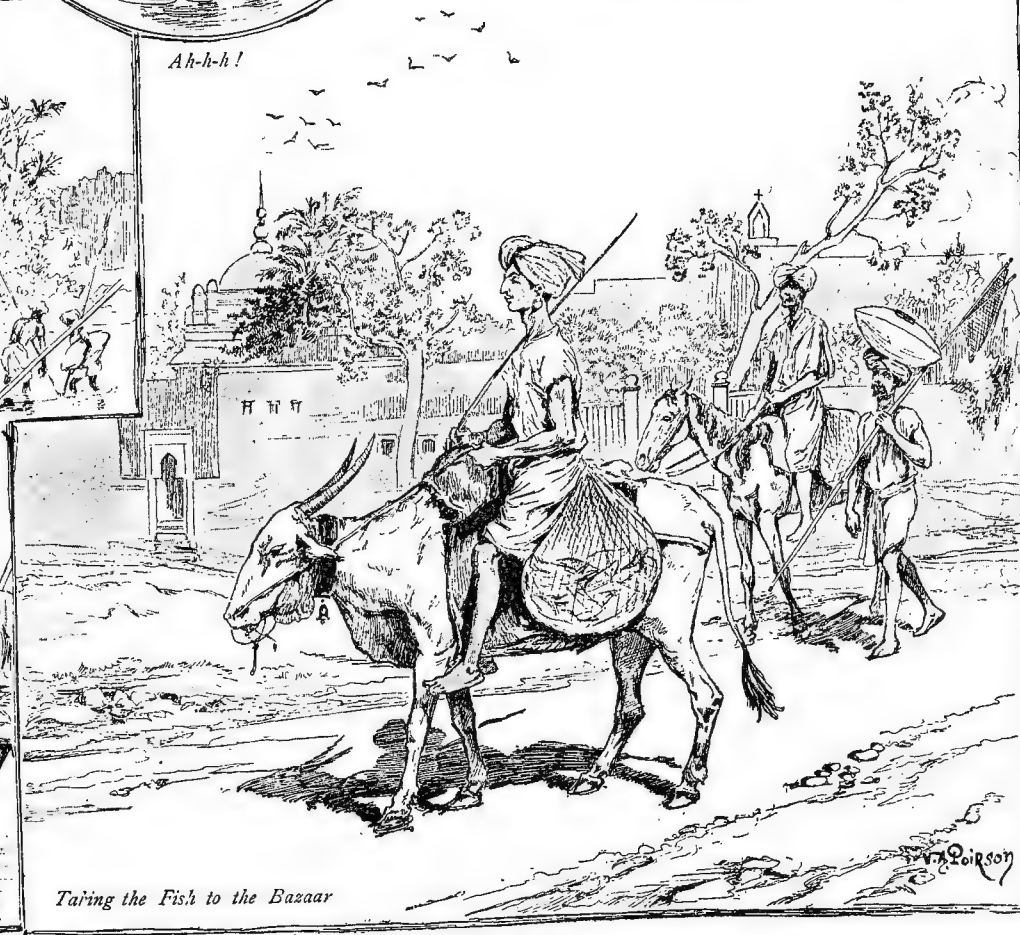
Ah-h-h!



An Old Hand



Striking a Bargain



Taking the Fish to the Bazaar

W. J. Poirson



THE TURF.—There is little of interest to report in this department of sport. Weldon and John Osborne did some good riding during the Pontefract Meeting last week, when Frapotel, Warlaby, and Cleasby were among the winners. Whistle Jacket added another win to his credit in the Southdown Plate at Brighton, but had to succumb to Upstart in the De Warrenne Handicap at Lewes. Theosophist won the Lewes Handicap, and Sainfoin the Astley Stakes, a race which "S.'s" have won six times in seven years. Other winners at Lewes were The Jesuit, Rent Day, and an own brother to Veracity, which took the Priory Stakes. At Redcar, on Tuesday last, Frapotel repeated his Pontefract success in the Coatham Handicap, while Strathpeffer took the Two-Year-Old Stakes. Next day the great event was the reappearance of Chitabob in the Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes, which he won with the greatest ease. At Kempton Park, on Tuesday, the principal event was the International Breeders' Two-Year-Old Stakes, which Mr. Mackenzie secured with The Saint (not to be confounded with the steeplechaser of that name), while Nunwick and Stourwick were among the other winners. On Wednesday the Great International Foal Stakes fell to Wishing Gate, while Corbeille secured the Princess of Wales' Plate.

The Cesarewitch entries show a sad falling-off this year. There are only seventy-five as against eighty-four last year, which looks as if stayers were becoming scarce. The Cambridgeshire, on the contrary, fairly maintains its position with 105 as against 109. Taylor has a strong hand for both races, while Golding, Jennings, senr., and Porter are well represented. Friar's Balsam is entered for both events, as is also Vasistas, the Grand Prix winner. For the Leger Donovan stands at 2 to 1 on, while, after his Redcar victory, Chitabob was backed at 100 to 12.

CRICKET.—Surrey has had a curiously chequered experience since we last wrote. They compiled 507 (Mr. W. W. Read 115) against Middlesex, and won in an innings, but afterwards, with a slightly weaker team, succumbed to Essex, for which Pickett took twelve wickets for 78 runs. Essex had previously succumbed to Somersetshire, which also beat Hants and M.C.C. (the latter match having been concluded in one day). Warwickshire scored a narrow victory over Leicestershire and an easy one over Hants, but then fell before Gloucestershire, whom they had previously defeated. Kent finished up the Canterbury week by all but beating Gloucestershire (for which "W. G." did very little, perhaps as a result of the banquet at which he was entertained), and afterwards added another defeat to poor Yorkshire's list of disasters. The Philadelphians ended their tour with a victory over the Cambridge Long Vacation Club. Our visitors won four and lost three of their twelve matches, and showed some very good batting. When their bowling improves, they should be tough customers. Cricket in Holland progresses but slowly. The Brixton Wanderers, who have lately been touring there, won all their matches in a single innings. The most remarkable match recorded since we last wrote was that between M.C.C. and Northumberland. The Club made 428 for two wickets (Gunn 219 not out, Attewell 200) and then declared their innings closed, and the county could only put together 141 and 117 in their two innings. Lancashire beat Sussex in one innings; but the match between Notts and Middlesex had to be abandoned owing to rain. The Middlesex men wanted 196 runs to win, and had 9 wickets to go down.

MISCELLANEOUS.—P. F. Slavin, the Australian pugilist, has arrived in England, and is anxious to get on a match with Smith or Mitchell.—Poor Searle has been stopped in his work by toothache. He is all right again now.—T. C. Easton, the Secretary of the Professional Swimming Association, swam for five hours in the Thames one day last week.



THE MAYBRICK POISONING CASE.—The verdict of the jury has caused an almost unprecedented excitement. Memorials asking for a reprieve, and, in some cases, for a free pardon, are being extensively signed in London and in many of our large towns, Liverpool naturally taking the lead so far as the provinces are concerned. Public meetings are being held with the same object. The newspapers teem with letters for and against, generally for, Mrs. Maybrick. On Tuesday a public meeting was held in London at the Cannon Street Hotel, when a resolution was adopted in favour, not merely of a reprieve, but of a remission of the sentence and a quashing of the verdict. Among its supporters was Dr. Leech, Professor of Law in Dublin University. The mover of an amendment protesting against this interference with the course of justice, and approving of the conduct of both judge and jury, was hissed and hooted down, and the excited audience refused to allow it to be put. On the same day Mr. Justice Stephen had a long conference with the Home Secretary. Meanwhile Mrs. Maybrick continues to declare that she is innocent. She is repeatedly visited by her mother, the Baroness Von Roque, and this lady, through the barrister who held a watching brief for her during the magisterial inquiry, has made a statement of some interest. The Baroness affirms that, to her knowledge, Mrs. Maybrick used arsenic as a cosmetic, and knew the use of fly papers in their application to the skin. She denies that the mysterious "John" of the epistle read by the Judge was in the very least her daughter's lover. Most important of all is her assertion that Mrs. Maybrick had proof of her husband's infidelity sufficient to procure a divorce from him, and that she had gone to London to consult a solicitor with a view to a separation. To this statement the barrister through whom it is made appends the question: "With such a lever as this to work upon, why should she poison him?"

THE MAYBRICK CASE is responsible for an assault, on which the Marylebone Police Magistrate has had to adjudicate. The prosecutor was discussing in a tavern, with another man, the finding of the jury in this *cause célèbre*, when an outsider struck in, and, after offering to maintain his opinion against the other's in a pugilistic encounter, threw beer on the prosecutor's face, and then struck him on the head with a pewter pot. The Magistrate punished this controversial use of physical force by sentencing the defendant to six weeks' imprisonment.

AT THE CLOSE, on Wednesday, of the Coroner's Inquest on Alice McKenzie, the victim of the latest Whitechapel murder, the jury's verdict was that "the deceased had been murdered by some person, or persons unknown." They added as a rider that "in their opinion steps should be taken to open up Castle Alley to Whitechapel High Street as a thoroughfare."

LEONARD HANDFORD has been remanded by the Marlborough Police Magistrate, after evidence was given, on the charge of shooting, with intent to murder his wife and mother-in-law, at West

Hampstead, under circumstances previously detailed in this column. Mrs. Handford was represented to be going on satisfactorily, but her mother was still in danger.

A MERCHANT RESIDING IN ENGLAND, and a partner in two distinct firms, carrying on business, the one in London, the other in Melbourne, was assessed by the Income-Tax Commissioners, under Schedule D, for his share in the profits of the Melbourne firm, as well as in those of the London firm. Mr. Justice Stephen held that the Melbourne profits were rightly taxed, but the Court of Appeal reversed his decision, and the House of Lords have upheld the decision of the Court of Appeal.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION has been given at Birmingham in a case in which the plaintiffs asked for damages to compensate them for the loss of light and air to their premises by lofty buildings opposite them erected under the Artisans' and Labourers' Dwellings Acts. The jury awarded the plaintiffs 100*l.* damages, but in spite of this verdict Mr. Justice Hawkins gave judgment for the defendants on several grounds, one of them being that the Act in question extinguished all claims of the kind.

THE HOLDER OF A POLICY in an accidental insurance company took poison by mistake and died. The company refused to pay on the ground that the taking of poison was not an accident covered by the policy, which excluded claims for death "by poison or intentional self-injury." It was plausibly contended for the widow that the poison here referred to meant poison deliberately taken. But the Court of Appeal has confirmed Baron Huddleston's decision that the company are not liable, regard being had to the exception, one of many in the policy, of death by poison.



A BISHOP ON THE MAYBRICK CASE.—The Bishop of Sodor and Man was asked to preside at a mass meeting to be held in Douglas, with the view of influencing the Home Secretary in regard to Mrs. Maybrick. Bishop Bardsley naturally declined the invitation, and, referring to the subject in a sermon which he preached at Douglas last Sunday, he said that such questions ought not to be discussed at heated meetings. He himself would not even sign the memorial in favour of Mrs. Maybrick, but if others, after reviewing the evidence, came to the conclusion that there had been a division and discrepancy as regarded medical opinion, let them sign. At the same time, in view of the passionate utterance, the bitter invectives called forth by the verdict, the hooting and hustling of the Judge, and the denunciation of the jury, it seemed to him that men were forgetting the first great principles of justice. On the other hand, while they might deplore the manifestation of feeling and the form which it had taken, it was a consolation to think that there was deep in the hearts of English people a conviction that justice should be done even though the heavens should fall. In a subsequent letter the Bishop says: "Weary of the tie which she had dishonoured . . . and fully aware of the dangerous habit of taking arsenic which her husband had formed, I can hardly believe but that Mrs. Maybrick in some way extenuated to herself the guilt of hastening his course down the fatal path by frequent administrations of his own drug, the one which he himself had chosen."

THE TRIAL OF THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.—The "responsive plea" of the Bishop of Lincoln has been filed by his Proctor. In this document the matters of fact stated by the prosecution are virtually admitted; but it is contended that "the acts stated are not, nor are any of them, illegal acts forbidden by the laws, canons, and constitutions ecclesiastical of the Church and realm."

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has given a proof of his Catholicity of disposition by becoming, with Mrs. Benson, the guest of Mr. J. Sebag Montefiore, High Sheriff of Kent, at East Cliff Lodge, Ramsgate, to meet the delegate Chief Rabbi Dr. Adler and Dr. Guster, the Chief Rabbi of the Spanish and Portuguese congregations. Mr. Montefiore, at a banquet given by him, proposed the health of the Primate, who, in responding, pronounced a eulogium on the late Sir Moses Montefiore, and expressed his gratification at having been brought into personal contact with the two ecclesiastical heads of the Jewish community in this country.

THE BISHOPRIC OF SYDNEY, the *Record* is "enabled to announce," has been accepted by the Rev. Dr. William Saumarez Smith, since 1869 Principal of St. Aidan's Theological College, Birkenhead,—which he raised from a moribund to a flourishing condition,—and honorary Canon of Chester. The new Prelate, now in his sixty-third year, is an Evangelical Churchman. One of his works, "Lessons in the Book of Genesis," is a very popular handbook with Sunday School teachers.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The vacant Archdeaconry of St. Asaph, to which a residential canonry is attached, has been conferred on the Rev. Herbert Watkin Williams, Chancellor of the Cathedral, and a Welsh-speaking cleric.—The Chapels Royal, St. James's Palace and Whitehall, are closed until further notice; and the Temple Church until the first Sunday in October.—Lord Iddesleigh contradicts, as "perfectly untrue and perfectly unfounded," the report that his eldest son, Lord St. Cyres, now an undergraduate of Magdalen, has been received into the Church of Rome.—An appeal is made for 20,000*l.* to rebuild Whitfield's Tabernacle on its present site, with the addition of school-rooms, lecture-hall, and institute.

THE "FÊTE DES VIGNERONS"

THE little town of Vevey has been all agog with excitement. What the Exhibition is to Paris, what the Jubilee was to London, so the "Fête des Vignerons" is to Vevey. It is the national open-air fête of Switzerland, given by the Guild of the Vine-Dressers. Little is known about the origin of this guild, for the early archives were all destroyed by a great fire in 1688. This much, however, is tolerably certain. Vines had been planted on the hills around Vevey by the Romans, but it was the Benedictine monks of Haut-Crêt who brought the culture of the vine to perfection. It was to these monks, in all probability, that the Guild of the Vine-Dressers owes its origin. The President is still called the Abbé; and the motto of the Brotherhood is the same as the motto of the Benedictines, "Ora et labora" ("Pray and work").

Festivals were instituted, at which prizes were given away to the most successful vine-growers, who were crowned with vine-leaves. The cultivators of the plains soon joined with the vine-dressers of the hills, and processions took place, in which ploughs and harrows, Noah's ark, and the grapes of Eshcol were duly represented. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, Bacchus, Ceres, and Pallas were introduced into the processions. There were *fêtes* in 1819, 1833, 1851, and 1865. Then came a gap of twenty-four years, till the great *fête* in the August of this year, which extended over five days. The whole performance, with its songs and dances, was repeated each day.

On Tuesday, August 6th, the weather was glorious. Three huge triumphal arches—one for Bacchus, one for Pallas, and one for Ceres—showed the way to the enclosure, inside which tiers of seats

had been erected to hold 13,000 people. It made an enormous open-air theatre, with a background of blue mountains, and a dazzling sun overhead. The Swiss are early people. At seven in the morning the 13,000 seats were full, and the Swiss Guards, in their sixteenth-century uniforms of scarlet and white, marched in, followed by a hundred halberdiers, and the Abbé-President, holding his golden crozier of office. The members of the Brotherhood, looking delightfully cool in their green jerkins, straw hats with green ribbons, and knee-breeches tied with green, took their places on the platform, and the whole "rêve-show" crowded into the arena. To give some idea of it, it is necessary to say that there were two thousand performers, to say nothing of cows, horses, sheep, goats, baskets of flowers, bee-hives, ploughs, grape-presses, casks, and other symbolical attributes of the four seasons. Pallas represented Spring; Ceres, Summer; Bacchus, Autumn; and a village wedding, Winter.

Pallas and her company now led the way to the top of the arena, where the *plancher des danses* was. With a skilful eye to effect, the predominating colour of Pallas was a delicate tint of pale blue,—even the sheep's tails were tied up with blue ribbons! Pallas herself, seated on a triumphal chariot, with the children of Spring around her, was in blue; the shepherds and shepherdesses, looking as if they had stepped out of Watteau's pictures, with their crooks and straw hats, were in pale pink and blue; the gardeners and *jardinières*, the last carrying watering-pots, were in blue and white; and in the closing group—a group of haymakers—the girls wore short blue skirts and white bodices. They carried rakes, and the men small scythes, and were followed by a huge cart, loaded with hay. To make the picture complete, a group of children, in blue and white, were seated on the top of the cart. The dances of the children of the Spring—of the shepherds and shepherdesses, of the gardeners, and the haymakers—who raked imaginary hay as they danced—were charming. There was nothing of the stage-ballet about them, the dancers were real peasants, and so far from being paid, most of them paid for their pretty dresses themselves. There was a spontaneity about the whole thing which greatly added to the charm. The children on the hay-cart stood up eagerly to look at the dancing, and one little dot, who was left below, got a ladder and climbed up to get a better view. The grape-gatherers seated themselves on their tubs, and chatted away to the fauns in the most natural way possible, and—wonderful to relate!—nobody got into any one else's way.

Now came the sound of horns and the tinkling of cow-bells, as the beautiful brown cows, with their handsome collars, were led along to the front. This was the prelude to singing the "Ranz des Vaches," that wonderful outcome of the life of the Swiss mountains, which moves so many to tears.

After Pallas and her attendants had retired to one side of the arena, Ceres and her troop came to the front. Ceres, a blonde, carrying a golden sickle, reclined in a chariot drawn by oxen, and her prevailing colour was a bright hot red. The harvest girls and men who followed her were in red and white, the girls in red bodices, striped skirts, and straw hats, and carrying bunches of corn and poppies. A huge waggon of corn, with children in red and white on the top, brought up the rear. The harvesters and gleaners, after they had had their dance, went on one side, and Ceres gave way to Bacchus, preceded by his high priests. Chariots decked with vine leaves, fauns, and satyrs in leopard skins, and bacchantes crowned with leaves, and draped in crimson and green, had their turn.

After Silenus, mounted on his ass, and led by two negroes, came the spring vine-dressers, forty-two girls and men, in white and green; and then a group of grape-gatherers, the girls carrying little round tubs under their arms, and looking very picturesque in their green skirts and pink aprons. They, too, had their dance and their song, and so had the fauns and bacchantes, but all sank into the shade before the village wedding, which had something quite idyllic about it.

First came the tootling of two violins and a clarinet. The village musicians were leading the way. Then came the bride, a pretty, modest-looking peasant girl, in a short white skirt and straw hat, leaning on the arm of the bridegroom. Her bridesmaids, her parents, her old grandfather and grandmother came next, and the village notary, with his air of importance, was not forgotten. Twenty-two couples followed in the national costumes of the twenty-two Swiss cantons. Here was the flat straw hat, the black velvet bodice, and the white sleeves of Berne, there was the huge fan-like headgear of Appenzell, and the long pins, sticking out at the back like a gigantic pincushion, of Tessin.

The dancing of this group was quite indescribable; there was genuine joy in it. One seemed to be standing on the snow-covered Alps, looking down on the pine forests, breathing in the clear, pure air, and listening to the ever new song of love and hope.

But it was just twelve o'clock, and at twelve, the performance in the enclosure was over, and the *cortège* moved out to perambulate the town. We had seen it at its best and brightest, and so we quietly stole away.

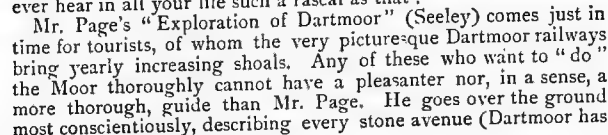
C. J. II.

PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—The Exhibition entered the second half of its existence on August 3rd, as it is to be open for 179 days. Judging by the visitors during the first half, there will be a considerable excess over the original total estimate of from 20,000,000 to 22,000,000 visitors with 25,000,000 tickets. These tickets have been as low as 4*d.* apiece, but have suddenly risen to 5*d.*, a report being current that several financiers are keeping back enormous numbers of tickets to increase the price. Deputations of workmen from all parts of the Continent are coming to Paris, their expenses being defrayed either by their respective Governments or by private subscription. They replace the foreign Princes, who are hastening home before the cold weather begins. King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Isles, is expected, but has written to explain that his arrival is delayed for want of funds. He hopes to obtain the money by the publication of a volume of poems which he has just finished. Visitors still arrive by all kinds of conveyances. Two Spanish grandees are still arrive by a pair-horsed carriage from Madrid; a Dane is bicycling from Copenhagen; and a rider from Belfort has made a bet to complete the journey in six days on an old military charger which he has bought for 1*l.* 12*s.* Several fires have broken out, notably one in the Gaboon huts, but were extinguished before doing much damage. In this section some fine elephants' tusks and native spears have just been added. Grand colonial *fêtes* take place next week, when the various African natives will join in an elaborate torchlight procession. The model of the great Tonkinese Buddha, copied from the original at Hanoi, attracts much attention in the Annamite Court. This Buddha is highly venerated, being worshipped alike by the Chinese as their ancient genie, while the Tonkinese look upon the statue as the guardian angel of their capital. Orchid amateurs ought not to neglect the Invalidees Mexican collection of plants in the conservatories on the Invalides Esplanade. Over 2,000 Mexican specimens were sent to Paris, but scarcely 600 survived the passage. The cacti are especially fine. A model of the Greek Parthenon restored is much admired. The Eiffel intended for the New York Metropolitan Art Museum. The first Tower now displays the names of seventy-two eminent French scientific discoverers, emblazoned in golden letters, round the night platform. Much damage is done to the gardens during the night *fêtes*, and the supply of turf held in reserve to replace the trampled down grass is now exhausted.

TERERS should read a book by a gentleman who cured himself after suffering nearly forty years Post free for thirteen stamps from Mr. B. BEASLEY, Sherwood, Willesden Lane, Brondesbury, London, or Green Bank House, Hall Green, near Birmingham.

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Mr. H. Morley having, in sixty-three shilling volumes, finished the "Universal Library," follows it up with the more ambitious "Carisbrooke Library," to include larger books printed in larger type. Of these the third is "The Earlier Life and Works of Daniel

Defoe" (Routledge). The volume contains three chapters on Defoe's earlier life, intercalated between his "Essay on Projects" and his poem, "The True Born Englishman," that duller "Gulliver," "The Consolidator," with its Crolians and Solunarians, "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," which at first deceived the Tory Government and the Cambridge Dons. This was the pamphlet for which Defoe had to stand twice in the pillory, while flower-girls adorned the scaffold and the mob protested him from insult and drank his health. So epoch-marking a work well deserves to be popularised, whatever we may say of the rest of this somewhat heavy volume. Carlyle and many more owe a good deal to Defoe. Sentences like "a mathematical clockwork-soul, that will go till the weight is down and then stand still till they-know-not-Who must wind it up again," are old friends whom we have often met in another dress. Drunkenness and lawlessness seem to Defoe the national vices:—

The meanest English ploughman studies law,
And keeps thereby the magistrates in awe ;
Restraint from ill is freedom to the wise,
But Englishmen do all restraint despise,
Slaves to their liquor, drudges to the pots ;
The mob are statesmen, and their statesmen sots

Sanitary reforms are slowest of all; they touch vested interests. What a long battle Mr. Chadwick had to do away with burials in church vaults; and some cemeteries are, apart from their ghastliness, an equal danger to the public health. In "Cremation and Urn-Burial" (Cassell) Mr. W. Robinson makes out a strong case for the new system. His sketch of a "Cemetery of the Future" is just what we might expect from the author of "The English Flower Garden." The wonder is that the land reformers, who want to plough up our parks, don't grumble at the waste in hideous wildernesses of tombstones. Mr. Robinson quotes, *in extenso*, Captain Hanham's account of the difficulties which, in England, beset cremation.

Dr. Edgar's "Bibles of England" (Gardner, Paisley and London) is, as it professes to be, a plain book for plain people, in the sense that it makes no pretence to scholarship. It does far better, going fully into the curiosities of Bibliology. The writer's aim is to show "how dissatisfaction with one version led to the publication of another." He also points out the strange fact that, through misprints and corrections, if we except the modern issues of the Authorised and the Revised, scarcely two editions of any version are absolutely identical. Plain people, noting in Wyclif's version the charming simplicity of: "Passe we over the sea," for "Let us go over unto the other side of the lake," and the tender feeling of "Persida, most dere-worthy woman," for "the beloved Persis," will think that Tyndale and his successors often made frivoious changes. But, though very English, Wyclif is also crudely classical in multiplying participial clauses; and herein there is a great change between the version of 1380 and Purvey's later edition. The notes in the "Geneva Bible" are racy—that for instance (adopted by the "Bishop's Bible") on Peter ii. 3, which says "the Pope is not successor of

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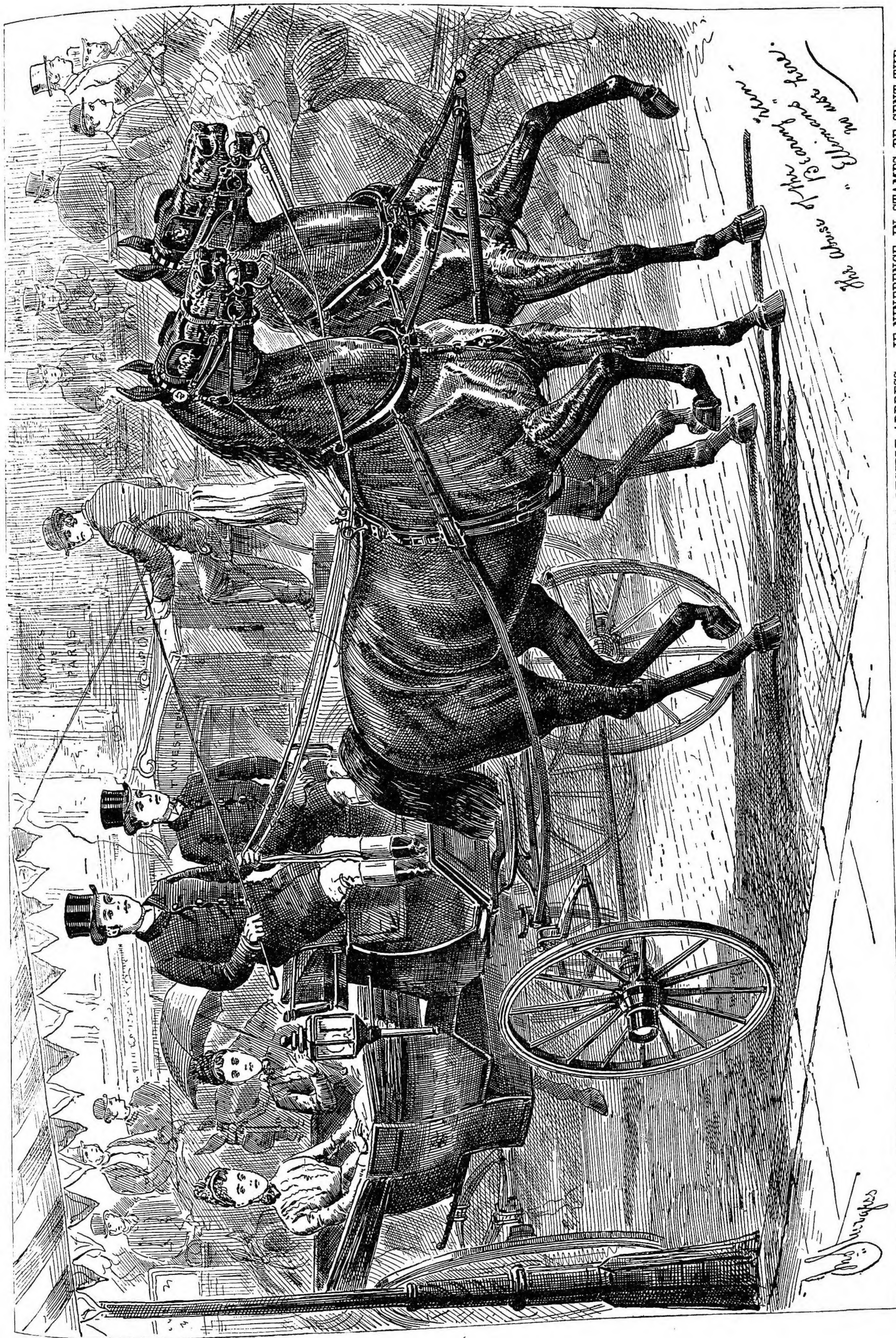
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Simon Peter, but of Simon Magus;" and that, anent Herodias' daughter, on "the inconveniences of dancing."

Mr. J. H. Rose's "Century of Continental History, 1780-1880" (Stanford), is very different from the average manual. It is the work of a thoughtful scholar, and may be read with profit, not only by the lad who is going in for an Exam, but by the student who wants to gather up the results of discursive reading. We have rarely met with a book which honestly deserves such unqualified commendation.

Mr. Dyer's laudable aim in "Evolution not Universal" (Trübner) is to prove first that Evolution (of which he carefully explains the meaning) does not dispense with a Creator and Sustainer of the Universe; next, that, though all living forms may have been evolved from one, there are no signs of Evolution in inorganic nature. The way in which Mr. Dyer fits in his thesis that inorganic matter has not developed with the theory that the solar system was once a gaseous mass is ingenious. The misprints are startlingly numerous.

What little we understand of Mr. J. Davis's "Arrow Shot at Blasphemy" (Kensit, Paternoster Row) we do not like. To talk of "the lamentably wretched display of crosses and crucifixes allowed in the Protestant Church, the workmanship of polluted hands, who are the descendants (sic) of forefathers who murdered the Saviour," and of "adding to their apostasy, with darkened eyes and still darker intellects, lighted candles under the abominable delusion that the Father of lights needed these earthly illuminations to make His presence known. Poor mortals! Pitiable objects of contempt!" is out of date in these days.

Mr. J. H. Swinstead's picture, "Parthenia"—a companion picture to Sir F. Leighton's "Wedded"—has been admirably reproduced as a photograph by Mr. T. G. Appleton. The reproduction forms a truthful realisation of the original picture, the two figures (Ingomar and Parthenia) being executed with charming simplicity and grace. The photograph is published by Mr. George Rees, Savoy House, Strand.

GUIDE-BOOKS.—At this time of year guide-books are always plentiful, and among those that have recently arrived some are new editions of old and popular works, whilst others are new altogether. From Dulau and Co., 37, Soho Square, come new editions of "Switzerland and the adjacent portions of Italy, Savoy, and the Tyrol," by Karl Baedeker; and "South Devon and Cornwall," by C. S. Ward, M.A., and M. J. Baddeley, B.A. Numerous alterations and additions have been made to these books, and the whole of the information contained in them has been carefully revised to date. Owing, presumably, to the popularity which Cromer has recently attained as a seaside resort it has been considered necessary to issue the "Directory of Cromer and Neighbourhood" (Jarrold and Sons, 3, Paternoster Buildings). Although not an ambitious attempt at book-making, containing simply a street-directory, alphabetical lists of inhabitants, and professional and trades' directory, it will, no doubt, be found serviceable both to the casual and permanent residents in that locality. The same publishers have added to their "Holidays" series "Summer in Broadland," an illustrated description of a summer spent in East Anglian Waters. The history of the cruise is pleasantly told, and the interest of the narrative is greatly added to by the insertion of numerous engravings throughout the pages of the book.—Dr. Fox has done good service in publishing "Strathpeffer Spa, its Climate and Waters" (H. K. Lewis, 136, Gower Street). Strathpeffer is situated in the Highlands of Scotland, not far from Inverness, and the waters of the Spa have some remarkable medicinal properties. The book contains some useful particulars

relative to the history, climate, and geology of the vicinity, and the general observations will be found instructive by all those who are in the habit of "taking the waters."—"Algerian Hints for Tourists," by C. E. Flower (E. Stanford), is intended as an appendix to the guide-books, and, as such, it will no doubt answer a useful purpose. The book comprises particulars relating to the climate of the country, hotels, and a number of pleasant excursions.—One of the most exhaustive and accurate guide-books to the English Lakes is that published by Mr. John Murray. The new edition has been very carefully revised, the index has been much enlarged and improved, and the number of routes have been considerably increased.—We have also to acknowledge "The Vale of Llangollen," by Ralph Darlington (Adam and Sons, 59, Fleet Street), "Pollock's Dictionary of the Clyde" (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), and "The Official Guide to the South-Eastern Railway (Cassell and Co.)."

FETISH FANCIES

FETISH ON THE GOLD COAST

So little is known about fetish in England, that probably most people are under a misconception as to the etymology of the word, and would be surprised to hear that it does not belong to any negro language, but is of Portuguese origin. It comes through the French *fétiche*, from the Portuguese *feitico*, i.e., sorcery. This is a survival from the palmy days of Portuguese enterprise, which began in the fifteenth century under the auspices of the renowned Prince Henry, whose ships were the first to explore the West Coast of Africa below the Tropic of Cancer. In those days Madeira was discovered and colonised. The Cape was rounded, and various settlements were made on the West Coast. One of these was called Elmina—or The Mine—from its proximity to the gold-diggings, which have given a name to the neighbouring portion of the Guinea Coast. Here the Portuguese built a massive and stately castle, which in the seventeenth century was captured by the Dutch, and was by them ceded with the adjacent town to the English just before the Ashantee War. But through all vicissitudes the old name still survived, along with a few other Portuguese words which became acclimatised in the mouths of the Fantees. Hence we have not only *fetish*, but *palaver*, and *fucca*—a fork.

Now, though the people of the Gold Coast believe in a benevolent Supreme Being—called, in Fantee, Nyankapora—they also believe in the power of their priests, or fetish men, to invest with supernatural powers of protection or destruction any earthly object—it may be a hideous image, or it may be a few rags tied round a broken bottle, stuck on a stick in a field like a scarecrow, to protect the crops from thieves. Such an object is called a *fetish*. Sometimes the object is an animal, as at a certain town where alligators are fetish, and it would be as much as a European's life is worth to kill one, even if it came into his house—they do go into houses sometimes, and are apt on these occasions to pick up any unconsidered trifle in the way of a picaninny that they may come across. Prince's River, on the Gold Coast, is fetish; and if any one crosses it clad in black, he will die speedily. White men do not think it safe to demonstrate the absurdity of this idea by putting it to the test, for they would probably be poisoned by the fetish men so that the reputation of the river might be upheld. But, as a rule, the native owns that his fetish has no power over the white man. Amongst themselves, however, fetish is such a terribly serious matter that, absurd as it intrinsically is, the Legislature has taken cognisance of it; and, accordingly in the Native Jurisdiction

Ordinance amongst the list of offences which chiefs are allowed to punish, we find gravely set forth "putting any person in fetish."

Fetish sometimes gets people into trouble in the British Courts. For instance, I had to prosecute a man for murder in the following circumstances:—A fetish man unknown went into a village with charms to sell; he had one which was warranted to make the wearer invulnerable under gun-fire, and he proved its efficiency by hanging it on a tree-trunk, and allowing A (the prisoner) to fire at the trunk. A did so, and found the trunk uninjured. Such an opportunity for achieving a reputation as a valiant warrior was not to be missed, and A bought the charm. Then, as pleased as a child with a new toy, he must needs ask B to wear the armlet, and stand fire under its protection. B, nothing doubting, consented, and fell dead. The fetish man vanished, and A was found guilty of manslaughter, and sent to prison to reflect upon the futility of fetish.

Sometimes when a death occurs a fetish man comes forward and proclaims himself the slayer; the body then cannot be buried without the consent of the fetish man, and this has to be paid for. A curious instance of this occurred at Accra. A man stated that he sent for a doctor to attend his wife who was ill. The doctor came, looked at the woman, went away, and then returned with a fetish-man. This person also looked at the woman and went away, and returned presently wearing a charm which he had not worn before. He then declared that it was he who was killing the woman, that he had killed her son, and she had buried the body without giving him the sheep she had promised as his fee for permitting the burial. The son had died eight months before, and the woman had paid a fee, and had promised a sheep in addition. The relations asked the man what he would take to spare the woman, and after a good deal of haggling the price was fixed at twelve shillings, thirty strings of cowries, two fowls, two sheep, two knives, two flasks of wine, and two fathoms of white bast. Part of this was to be paid down, and credit was to be given for the rest, and the spell was to be removed at once. To do this the man killed a fowl, caught the blood in a pot, and mixed some sheep's dung and some herbs with the blood. The fetish man sprinkled some of this mess over the faces of those present, and gave two double-handfuls to the woman to drink.

The result was what might have been expected—"after that the woman died also."

The husband believed that she was intentionally poisoned; it was true, he said, that by her death the fetish man would lose his right to so much of the reward as he had given credit for, but he would get a larger fee for permitting the friends to bury the woman.

Even educated men, calling themselves Christians, believe in fetish. Two such were prosecuted for conspiring to defraud by falsifying accounts. To secure an acquittal, they not only retained a negro barrister, but paid 10*l.* to a Mahomedan for a fetish. But the event illustrated the truth of the belief that "black man's fetish can't touch white man." The prosecuting counsel was a white man and the scamps went to prison.

PARIS THEATRES still appear to be somewhat careless about fire, notwithstanding the awful warning of the Opera Comique catastrophe. The official reporter to the Budget Committee complains that the Théâtre Français includes a restaurant under the same roof, the kitchens extending underneath the theatre in a most dangerous manner. The vaults beneath also contain spirit stores of very inflammable character. None of the three theatres subsidised by the State—the Opéra, the Français, and the Odéon—are insured, so that any disaster would fall heavily on the Government.

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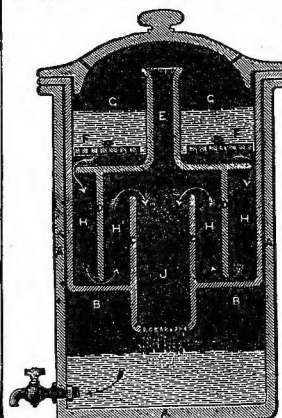


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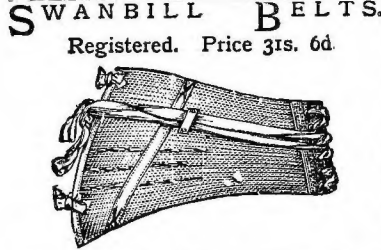
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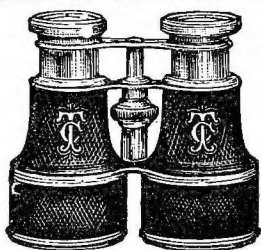
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